

SEPTEMBER 8, 1922

No. 884

FAME
· AND ·

7 Cents

FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.



Jack lifted the topmost article—an ancient blue coat, with big brass buttons—and swung it around in the air. To the astonishment of all present, the coat began shedding gold coins. Great fishbones that coat's a regular mint," cried Tom.

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 8, 1922

Price 7 Cents

GETTING THE COIN

OR, THE LUCKIEST LAD IN WALL STREET

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Jack Visits the Old Farm.

"Hello, Jack! Glad to see you again, old hoss! Gosh, but you're a regular dude!" cried Tom Bentley, holding out his hand to a smart-looking, well-dressed young fellow about his own age, who had just alighted from a train on a short branch road which connected Pineville with the town of Chester on the Jersey Central.

Pineville was merely a large village surrounded by farms, and the railroad was only a single track one, the entire rolling stock of which consisted of an out-of-date locomotive, a combination passenger and baggage car, also out of date, four box freight cars, and two flat cars. The train schedule called for two round trips daily, Sundays excepted, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, connecting at Chester with one of the expresses for New York, and the train left Chester in each case on the arrival of the next express from Jersey City. As the train carried one or two freight cars along, the running time depended altogether on the amount of freight picked up en route, but the start from Pineville was always made early enough to ensure connections at Chester. It didn't matter the other way, as Pineville was the terminus. The railroad had primarily been established for the benefit of the two factories which had been established at Pineville with the understanding that the road would be built and kept in operation; and this arrangement was brought about through the efforts of Pineville's most prominent citizen and political mogul, Squire Hardy, who, of course, was president of the road, which was called the Pineville & Chester Railroad. Jack Jordan, the only passenger that Saturday afternoon from Chester, dropped his grip and shook hands with his old friend and schoolmate.

"Glad to see you again, Tom," he said, in a hearty tone. "Seems like old times to meet you once more and gaze around upon the familiar scenes that never seem to change in Jayville—I mean Pineville."

"You've come to stay over Washington's Birthday with your respected uncle, of course," said Tom, his tanned and freckled countenance all a-grin.

"Surest thing you know, old man. Where else should I stay? Mr. Bunker wouldn't be happy unless I came down once in a while and let him know that he was really alive. Where's his rig? I don't see it around."

"I met him driving out of his lane, and when he told me he was coming after you, I offered to save him the trouble, for I said I had to meet the train to get a new plow dad expected to arrive. So he turned and went back, leaving me to do the honors."

"Well, I'd just as soon ride with you as not," said Jack. "I suppose my uncle is as hearty as ever."

"Yes. His seventy years don't seem to bother him a whole lot. He's as lively as a cricket, and is likely to live till he dries up and blows away."

"Glad to hear it. I don't know any better man than Uncle Caleb Bunker. He raised me from a little chap to my present magnificent proportions, and I shall always be grateful to him, though I did serve him a rather mean trick three years ago when I skipped out for New York without consulting his feelings."

"He's got over that long ago, though he was awfully riled at first, and swore he'd wash his hands of you, and cut you out of his will. But since you've made such a success of yourself in the city, he's proud of you, but I guess you've lost the farm, for it seems to be understood that he's going to leave it to Jessie Blake, the little girl he adopted, and who keeps house for him. She's seventeen now, and she has several fellows after her in expectation of securing the privilege of helping her run the place when she comes into it. If I were you I'd marry her myself and keep the acres in the family. She's a mighty nice girl, and a pretty one to boot. But then I suppose she isn't in it, in your estimation, with the girls you run against in New York."

"Oh, I don't know. I have a very high opinion of Jessie; but it doesn't follow that she cares enough for me to take me on as a permanent possession."

"She might do a whole lot worse. You're in Wall Street, and there is hardly a girl in the village who wouldn't fall over herself to catch you. You are liable to be a broker some day, and make a million, more or less."

"Less, I fancy. There aren't so many brokers who possess that desirable amount. A quarter of it is considered quite a nifty bank account. If I made up to Jessie in downright earnest she might put it up to me to turn farmer, as the price of taking me on. I couldn't do that, you know. I wouldn't mind having the farm as a summer resort, but as a steady diet it would pall upon me."

"After you married her you could do as you chose."

"Not if I passed my word. A man's word is one of his choicest possessions. I learned that in Wall Street, where the brokers do business on each other's word. If I promised Jessie to turn farmer as the condition of winning her, I'd keep my promise. She'd be worth the sacrifice. Maybe she wouldn't exact it, but if she did, and I wanted her, you know my sentiments," said Jack. "Now then, let's get on."

"I must get that plow I came after."

"There's the station-agent yonder. Go and speak to him about it."

The plow in question was in the freight car, and after Tom had settled the charges on the way-bill, the heavy implement was transferred to his wagon with the help of the agent and a couple of the railroad men. Tom and Jack then mounted to the seat and the rig started up the road.

"How's Wall Street?" asked Tom.

"Fine as silk."

"It's the finest place in the world to make money, isn't it?"

"It's the finest place in the world to lose it," replied Jack.

"But I've heard you say the brokers made money there hand over fist, and that you had made quite a little yourself?"

"That's right; but somebody has to lose the money made by others. Money isn't manufactured there from the raw material."

"Who loses it?"

"The lambs, usually."

"What do you mean by the lambs?"

"I thought I explained that to you long ago. The lambs are the speculating public—the outsiders who do most of the betting on the game."

"They don't lose all the time, do they?"

"Well, no, if they did there wouldn't be enough of them left to keep the brokers busy, and Wall Street would suffer an eclipse."

"How often do they lose?"

"That's a hard question to answer. The chances are about nine to one against every person who buys or sells on margin with little capital to fall back on."

"You've speculated some yourself you've told me."

"I have."

"How did you buy and sell?"

"On margin. I had to. I haven't got the funds to speculate with any other way."

"Have you lost nine times out of ten?"

"No. I've won nine times out of ten."

"How is it that you did better than the others?"

"Because luck ran my way, for one thing; and because I always bought a stock when it was down, and hold after it went up. And, furthermore, I never hang on for the last dollar."

"What do you mean by the last dollar?"

"I mean that I don't hold out for all the profit that seems to be in sight. It's too risky, for a slump is liable to come at any moment. You see when a stock is going up steadily, booming, you get excited over the prospect of making a good winning, and you hate to let go; that is, cash in, or, in other words, sell. You want to make all you can. It's a natural feeling, but it's full of

danger. You see the bird in the bush, and it looks finer than the one you have in your hand. The result is you take a long chance, and nine times out of ten you lose," said Jack.

"I see," nodded Tom.

"How are all the fellows?"

"Same as usual. By the way, Farmer Jenkins is kind of sore on you."

"Sore on me!" cried Jack, in some astonishment. "What for?"

"Well, the last time you were here—at Christmas—you told him that you were making money in Wall Street as easily as rolling off a log. You told me the same."

"I didn't tell any more than the truth at that time. Just before the holidays I got hold of a tip and made \$300 out of it in a week without any especial effort. Did that make Jenkins feel sore on me. I didn't know he had a jealous streak."

"It wasn't that. He came to the conclusion that if you, a boy, could make \$300 so easy, he ought to be able to make twice as much, so he sent \$500 to the Mutual Brokerage & Investment Co., of New York, and told the house to buy the same stock for him on the usual margin."

"He did! Why, he sent his money to a bucket-shop—the worst thing he could have done."

"A bucket-shop! You're dreaming. It was a brokerage and investment company."

"The Mutual Brokerage & Investment Co. is a bucket-shop. I ought to know."

"Do they sell buckets as well as deal in stocks?"

"Do they sell buckets—ha, ha, ha! No, they don't sell buckets, they sell their customers."

"What are you laughing at? What's the joke?"

"A skin brokerage house is called a bucket-shop. They don't do business in the regular way or on the square in those places. They are not recognized as legitimate business houses. I suppose Jenkins got soaked?"

"He did. They sent him a paper or memorandum which stated that they had bought 100 shares of the stock for him on a five per cent. margin. They sent him a letter telling him that if his stock went up a point he would make \$100, and for every additional point rise he would make another \$100, less commission and interest charges."

"That was all right."

"They also sent him a market letter every day, which contained a full market report, as well as suggestions and pointers."

"Well?"

"In a week he got word that his stock had dropped and he must send \$500 to protect his deal."

"Did he send the money?"

"Not much he didn't. He wrote them he had put all the money into the stock he was going to, and he expected to double it. Two days later he got a statement showing that his deal had been closed out, and that he owed the company nearly \$100."

Jack grinned, for it was what he expected of a bucket-shop.

"Jenkins was as mad as a hornet. He wrote to the house and demanded his \$500 back. A few days afterward he got a letter from a lawyer in Chester demanding the payment of \$85 and costs

of collection. He was told if he refused to pay it he would be sued. He swore he wouldn't pay a nickel, and that he was going to sue the brokerage and investment company for the \$500 he sent them. He wrote the lawyer to that effect. A few days later he was served with a copy of the summons and complaint. That made him crazy. He took it to Lawyer Jones in the village, and when he had stated his side of the case, Jones told him that he'd try to compromise the matter, but that if it went to trial he would probably lose. The result of the thing was that the Chester lawyer agreed to take \$50 and costs. Jones charged \$10 for his services, and Jenkins was out altogether about \$90."

"What has all that got to do with me?" asked Jack.

"Jenkins said that if you told him that money was not easily made in Wall Street he would not have gone into the speculation, and so he blames you for the loss of his \$590."

"That's pretty good. I did not advise him to speculate, and I certainly never would have steered him into a bucket-shop. He must have seen the advertisement of the company in some paper, and, being impressed by its swell name, sent on his money with the idea that he was sure to win. The woods are full of just such chumps, and they help keep the bucket-shops going. He has my sympathy. I guess he'll never try to speculate again."

"Just ask him when you see him and see what he says," grinned Tom.

"I'm not looking for trouble. Well, here we are at the lane."

"Jump down and open the gate."

"Hand me out my grip. No use of you going out of your way when the walking is good and the distance isn't far. I'm used to hustling about on my feet."

"All right. When shall I see you again? Will you come over to our place this evening? My folks will be glad to see you."

"I will if nothing prevents."

"If you don't come I'll be over to see you in the morning. Good-by."

Waving his hand, Jack opened the big gate and let himself into the lane, while Tom drove on.

CHAPTER II.—The Apparition at the Mill.

"How are you, Uncle Caleb?" said Jack, walking around to the back yard.

"Hello, nephew! Right glad to see you. How have you been lately?"

"I've been suffering from my usual good health. You look fine and dandy."

"I feel pretty chipper for a chap of my years. Run in and see Jessie. She's got on a new bib and tucker to welcome you," said Caleb Bunker.

Jack walked into the kitchen, but Jessie wasn't there.

"I guess she's upstairs," he thought.

Crossing the room, he opened the door into the back passage and came face to face with the girl, who was in the act of walking into the kitchen.

"Jack!" she cried. "Dear me, how you startled me."

Jack dropped the grip, grabbed her in his arms and kissed her. She drew back blushing.

"How rough you are!" she said, with a pout.

"Why, aren't you glad to see me again?" he said.

"Of course I am. What a silly question!"

"How do I look after a seven weeks' absence?"

"You always look nice. You were going to your room, I suppose? You will find it in good order. I attended to it this morning, knowing you were coming down this afternoon."

"You deserve another kiss for that."

"Now, Jack, you mustn't be demonstrative," protested the girl, blushing.

"Why not? Aren't you the best little girl in the world? Uncle Caleb thinks you are, and that is my opinion, too. We've always been the best of friends, haven't we, Jess?"

"Why, of course, you foolish boy."

"Then why refuse me the felicity of implanting another chaste salutation upon your virgin lips?" said Jack, in a theatrical way.

"Did you get that from some book?" she replied, with an amused smile.

"Nay, my fair charmer, I got it out of my bean, where all noble thoughts originate with me."

Thus speaking, he grabbed the girl and kissed her again. Then he seized his grip and started up the back stairs, laughing at the confusion displayed by his uncle's adopted daughter. Fifteen minutes later he was down in the kitchen again, where Jessie was beginning her preparations for supper.

"Has Uncle Caleb killed the fatted calf in honor of my coming?" said Jack.

"Why should he kill a calf to welcome another?" said the girl, mischievously.

"Another what? Would you insinuate that I am a calf? I wouldn't have believed that of you. Do you know that my boss thinks I'm the smartest messenger in Wall Street?"

"Does he, really?"

"He has said so, and it shows his good judgment. There is nothing slow about me, I assure you."

"You certainly can toot your own horn."

"What is a horn for but to toot? But, tell me, how many fellows have you hanging around after you?"

"Such a question!" cried Jessie, with a slight blush.

"What's the matter with the question? I want to know."

"What do you want to know for, Mister Curious?"

"Because I am interested. I object to you having followers. When a fellow expects to marry a girl some time, he objects to other chaps poaching on his own preserves. Get me?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Jessie, with a tell-tale blush.

"I should worry if you don't. Didn't I speak plain enough? Don't you realize that my admiration for your many exquisite qualities far exceeds the ability of my vocabulary to express in suitable terms?"

"My gracious! You must have been studying a dictionary before you came down here. I never heard you use such expressions before."

"That's because I've only just woke up to your

many admirable qualities. But, joking aside, don't you think we'd make a pretty good team?"

"Why, the idea! Haven't you something else to talk about?"

"I usually try to converse on the most interesting subjects. Here, where are you going?"

"To the well to draw some water."

"And me sitting here doing nothing. Permit me to make myself useful."

Jack sprang up and grabbed the tin bucket.

"Visitors are not expected to——"

"Do you call me a visitor? Why, I belong here. Wasn't I born in this house? Wasn't my mother Uncle Caleb's only sister? I should remark she was. Haven't I often hauled water from that old well when I didn't feel like indulging in the exercise? Of course I have. And now when it's a question of saving your pretty tootsies the walk, and your pretty armsies the strain of lugging six or seven gallons of water, shall I hesitate? Not that you can notice it. 'The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—the moss-covered bucket which hung in the well,'" sang Jack as he walked out into the yard and proceeded to the well.

"Helping Jessie, are you?" said his uncle, coming from the barn.

"Doing a little hustling in a good cause," replied Jack. "How is the farm getting on?"

"There ain't nothing much doing at this time of the year, as you ought to know," said the old man. "I've been mending harness and doing odd jobs all day. John, he's repairing the stone wall down in the meadow."

"Winter is the time when the farmer lays off and enjoys life."

"A farmer never lays off. There's always something to keep him busy around the farm. I suppose you're always kept busy in Wall Street?"

"From nine till half-past three or four we messengers are always on the jump. We are the Mercuries of Wall Street. In the course of a year we cover a lot of ground."

"Made any money speculating since Christmas?"

"Yes. I copped a winner the first week of this month, and added a couple of hundred to my working capital."

"You're doing uncommonly well, nephew. Farmer Jenkins tried his hand at the game right after you left at the end of the holidays and lost all he put up and another hundred to boot. He said you put the notion into his head, and he feels as though he can get along without seeing you on this trip."

"I heard all about it from Tom Bentley. Jenkins patronized a bucket-shop and so didn't have much chance to make anything."

"I've heard about them bucket-shops. They say they don't do business fair."

"They don't, as a rule. They are nothing but gambling hgeries. When you do business with them you take more risks than at a regular brokerage office. If you buy 100 shares at a legitimate house the broker buys the stock and holds it for you, if it is a marginal transaction. The deal is a bona-fide once. If you put up the other ninety per cent. of the value of the stock the certificate is transferred to you and you have something to show for your money. But when you buy on margin in a bucket——"

"Ja-ck! Are you bringing that water?" cried Jessie from the kitchen door.

"To be continued in our next," said Jack, picking up the pail which he had filled and starting back with it.

Jack helped the girl get supper, set the table, and made himself generally useful.

"Anything else you want done, Jessie dear?" he asked.

"You can blow the horn, for supper is ready," she said.

Jack blew it in a vigorous way that proved that his lungs were in good working order. While he was doing it Jessie slipped a plate of muffins on the table which she had made for his particular benefit, as she knew he was very fond of them. He didn't notice them till all hands sat down, and then he expressed his satisfaction in an eloquent way.

"You have a line on my weak spot, Jess. I will certainly have to marry you or go without your particular brand of muffins, which puts all others in the shade," he said.

"You couldn't do a more sensible thing, nephew, provided my little girl would have you," said Caleb Bunker. "I reckon you might search a long time before you found a housekeeper like her."

Jessie blushed rosily, while the hired man laughed.

"I agree with you, uncle," said Jack. "I meet a good many girls in New York, but Jessie has them all skinned a mile."

"Do please talk about something else," put in the girl.

So the subject was changed to Wall Street, and Jack entertained them with incidents connected with the financial district. After helping Jessie clean up, he put on his hat and walked over to Bentley Farm, less than half a mile away. He received a warm welcome from the farmer, his wife and daughters. The latter thought Jack just splendid, and they were not a bit pleased when their brother Tom carried him off to the adjoining farm to see another old friend named Sam White. White was delighted to see Jack down again. He proposed that they go to the village and see some of the boys there.

"I'll harness the mare to the light wagon," he said.

"All right," said Tom. "I haven't told any of them that Jack was coming down to spend Washington's Birthday, and it'll be a delightful surprise to them."

They tumbled into the wagon as soon as the mare was put in the shafts, and off they went. The night was clear and cold, the sky resplendent with myriads of stars. There was no wind stirring, and the naked trees stood motionless along their route, like silent sentinels on guard.

"Hello!" exclaimed Sam White, suddenly, "there's a light in the old mill."

Jack and Tom looked across a nearby field to where the old mill stood a shadowy object in the starlight, and caught the flicker of a light in one of the upper windows. In a moment or two it vanished and did not again appear.

"Tramps, I suppose?" said Jack.

"I don't know anybody else who would go there at night," said Sam.

The road curved around, and after going a third of a mile they swung around within a couple of hundred yards of the ancient mill. Suddenly the three windows on the second story of the crumbling building were lighted up with a red glare behind them, and a whitish smoke could be seen rising toward the roof.

"The mill is on fire!" ejaculated Tom, in some excitement.

Sam reined in.

"The tramps must have accidentally fired it," he said. "Too bad to have the old relic burn down. It has stood there for over fifty years."

"Drive up to the door. Maybe we can save it," said Jack, who felt a strong interest in the structure, for he had often played around it with his friends.

Sam turned the wagon into the grass grown path which ran in the arc of a circle to the mill door, and then, turning in another arc, connected with the road farther on. As the wagon rattled up in front of the mill, the red glare, which had not increased any, suddenly went out, leaving the windows as dark as before it appeared.

"By ginger, it's out!" ejaculated Sam.

The three stared in some wonder.

"It couldn't have been a fire or it wouldn't have gone out so suddenly," said Jack.

"What else could it have been? It looked just like one," said Tom.

At that moment a combination of unearthly sounds issued from the second story. Once more the red glare flashed into being. Then at each window appeared a figure clad in white, with splashes of red, like blood stains, and in place of a human countenance, each figure was topped by a horrible looking reddish face, surmounted with a pair of horns.

"Holy mackerel! What is this?" gurgled Sam, dropping the reins in dismay.

CHAPTER III.—The Wheeler Crowd.

The three figures at the windows let out a wild howl and disappeared, but the fire continued to burn, lighting up the big room.

"Some of the boys are on a grand lark," said Jack. "That's red fire they've got up there. The same thing that is behind the scenes of theatres to represent a conflagration, and for other purposes. If those roosters think they can frighten us with that, and their sheets and masks, they're way off."

"Let's go up there and capture them. There seems to be only three of them," said Tom.

Jack and Sam were willing. They believed the boys were village lads they knew. They sprang out of the wagon just as the red light went out again. Knowing exactly where the stairs were, they did not need a light to guide them, and were soon mounting to the second floor. No one opposed them. They rushed into the room, expecting to find three white-robed figures hiding there. The light that came through the windows gave them an indistinct view of the place, and they were surprised to find it empty.

"Where in thunder have they gone?" cried Sam, as they looked around.

"Maybe they're on the roof, hiding," suggested Jack.

"Perhaps they sneaked downstairs and hid there before we came into the building," said Tom.

A succession of yells arose outside the building, mingled with laughter. The boys rushed to the window and looked out. The three sheeted figures with masks on were in the wagon and in the act of driving off.

"Here, what are you about?" shouted Sam. "Come back here."

The three "demons" waved their hands derisively, and two of them in the body of the wagon began jumping up and down and flinging their legs and arms about.

"They've pulled it on us for fair," said Tom. "They're going to make us walk to the village."

"Come on, let's chase them," said Sam, darting for the door.

"What's the use? We can't catch them," said Tom, following him.

Jack remained at the window watching the chaps who had turned the tables on them. Suddenly there was a crash downstairs and a succession of howls from Sam and Tom. They had fallen into a trap set for them—a rope stretched across the foot of the stairs over which they tripped and measured their lengths on the floor. No sooner were they down than several figures, hiding in the darkness, sprang upon them and held them down in spite of their struggles. In a trice they were bound and rendered helpless.

Jack ran to the head of the stairs to see what had happened. He could make out nothing below, for the entry was as dark as the caves of Erebus—a pretty dark place in mythological history. He could understand, however, that something was going on down there, and the truth hit him that there were more than three lads in the lark, and that the overplus had jumped upon his friends in the darkness and were indulging in rough tactics.

"Where's the other fellow?" he heard a voice say, as he was on the point of rushing down to the assistance of his friends. "We've only got two of them."

That told him that his companions had been captured, and he decided that it would be folly for him to tackle the bunch single-handed. At that moment the other three, who had brought the wagon back to the door, came rushing on the scene.

"Have you nabbed them?" said a voice.

"We've got two of them. The other fellow didn't come down."

"Then we must go after him," said the other. "Wait till we take these two in the cellar and tie them up. Watch the stairs till we get back."

Tom and Sam were lifted and carried down into the ruinous cellar of the mill, and each was tied to a post down there. While this was going on Jack was considering how he could outwit the bunch of skylarkers. He softly returned to the room, lit a match and looked around. In a corner he saw a couple of the unused red fire pots. Several sticks stood there, too. Also a coil of rope. The latter suggested an idea. He took possession of it, went to one of the back windows, tied it to a narrow board nailed across the

lower part of the opening and threw out the slack. That provided him with the means of reaching the ground. Then he took one of the fire pots and placed it at the head of the stairs. By that time the fellows who had carried Tom and Sam into the cellar rejoined their friends.

"Now, then, we'll rush that galoot and make a prisoner of him, too," said the leader. "Come on."

As the bunch started up in a body, Jack struck the match he was holding ready, and touched off the red fire. It flared up in a moment. The skylarkers were taken by surprise, and stopped midway up the flight. Without losing a moment Jack took all the sticks in the corner, dropped them out of the back window and slid down himself. Near him was a big break in the foundation, and Jack flashed a match in there. Stepping in carefully, he called out:

"Tom—Sam, are you here?"

"Is that you, Jack?" cried both his friends together, for they were not gagged.

"Yes. Are you tied?"

"We are—to a couple of posts. Come over and cut us free."

Guided by their voices, Jack reached them and cut them loose in a twinkling.

"How did you get down here without those fellows catching you?" asked Tom.

"I'll tell you later. Follow me," said Jack, flashing another match and leading the way to the break in the wall.

"In less than a minute they were outside.

"Here's a stick apiece for you. If they come hunting for me we'll jump on them and give them a beating," said Jack.

"There's too many for us to handle," said Sam. "Let's get around to the wagon and make off."

"How many are there?"

"Eight or nine, I guess."

"These sticks give us every advantage. I wonder who they are?"

"Bud Wheeler's crowd, I'll bet. They've been up to all sorts of didos during the last few weeks," said Tom.

"I never heard of him."

"He's a newcomer who works in the novelty factory—a tough chap from Jersey City. His gang are all factory lads, and he's got them trained to mischief. People in the village have lately been complaining about their antics, and the constable has threatened to pull them in if he catches them at anything suspicious."

"They were laying for us in the dark as we ran downstairs," said Sam. "They stretched a rope across the foot of the stairs and we fell over it. They jumped on us, and we couldn't do a thing. It was lucky you stayed back."

While they were talking the bunch had got into the room on the floor above and were hunting around for their third victim. They finally discovered the rope hanging from the back window, and understood how their quarry had escaped. Jack, Tom and Sam were standing around the corner out of sight. The Wheeler crowd, for Tom was right in his conjecture that the skylarkers belonged to that gang, pulled up the rope and took it in. Then they discovered that all their sticks were missing. They looked around to see where they had been hidden, and not finding them, came to the conclusion that the fellow who escaped had thrown them out of the back

window. As the wagon still stood in front of the mill the Wheelerites were satisfied that the boy they had failed to catch was hiding somewhere outside, or was looking for his friends. Their leader said they must go down and hunt for him. The three who were disguised in the sheets and masks threw them aside, and the crowd started downstairs. Jack and his friends heard them coming. Having decided not to tackle them, the three rushed for the wagon, got in and started off. The Wheelerites swarmed out of the door, and stopped when they saw the wagon in motion, and the two boys they had tied in the cellar in it with the lad who gave them the slip. They uttered a howl of disappointment.

"Did you ever get left?" called out Sam, derisively.

The gang scattered and began throwing stones after the wagon. Several of the missiles flew unpleasantly close to the retreating trio. As the wagon turned in the direction it had originally come, the Wheelerites rushed down the arc of the circle on that side with the intention of trying to cut the vehicle off. Sam whipped up, and the wagon beat them to the junction of the arc. They dashed on their way, followed by a shower of stones, one of which hit Tom on the back. A quarter of a mile further on the boys met Constable Smith returning to the village in his light wagon. Sam reined in and the constable did likewise.

"How do you do, Mr. Smith?" said Jack.

"Hello, Jordan; back again?" said the officer.

"Yes, for over Washington's Birthday. Say, we've just had an adventure at the mill. We were attacked by a bunch of boys that Tom thinks are the Wheeler crowd. They gave us some trouble, but we got away under a shower of stones," said Jack.

"Are they at the mill now?" said the constable.

"I guess so."

"Are you game to come back with me and help catch two or three of them? I am anxious to teach them a lesson."

The boys agreed to return and help the constable. Sam turned the wagon and drove on after the officer till they came to a big leafless tree that shaded the road in summer at that point. The constable drove under the branches and stopped. Sam followed suit. The officer got out and called the boys to follow him. Each of the lads carried one of the sticks, but the constable intended to intimidate the skylarkers with his revolver and his official presence. They approached the mill by a roundabout way, seeing no sign of the crowd.

"They've either started for the village or they're inside the mill," said Officer Smith.

They crept into the building through the break in the cellar, and made their way up to the entry. The Wheelerites were upstairs, for the invaders could hear them talking and laughing.

"Follow me softly," said Constable Smith, drawing his weapon.

Up the stairs they crept like four shadows.

"Hands up, all of you!" cried the officer, stepping suddenly into the room.

The crowd was taken by surprise, and those who were sitting down jumped on their feet. There was no escape for them unless they jump-

ed out of the windows, and that was risky. Jack and his friends blocked the door.

"Now then, you young rascals, I'm going to lock you all up," said the constable.

"We ain't done nothin' to be locked up for," protested Bud Wheeler. "It ain't no crime for us to come here."

"These three lads have made a complaint of assault against you, and I am taking you in on that."

"We didn't do nothin' to them."

"You'll never get them to the village without tying them," whispered Jack to the officer. "There's a rope yonder. I'll tie them if you keep them quiet."

"Do so," said the constable.

Jack immediately proceeded to business. He attacked the leader first.

"I'll give you a punch in the snoot if you touch me," said Wheeler, in a threatening tone.

"If you strike that boy I'll see that you're sent to the workhouse for six months," said Smith, in a tone that showed he meant what he said.

Wheeler gave in and Jack tied his hands together behind him. Five others were tied to the same rope, and the last two were handcuffed together. The bunch was then marched downstairs, out to the road, and down to the wagons. They were helped into the constable's vehicle, and the officers drove off with his prisoners, while Jack and his friends went on their way rejoicing.

CHAPTER IV.—Jack Gets Into Print.

The Wheeler bunch was brought up before the justice next morning, and Jack, Tom and Sam appeared against them. They were sentenced to fifteen days in the workhouse, and as a result most of them lost their jobs. Jack was unusually attentive to Jessie on this visit, and plainly gave her to understand that he thought a great deal of her. On Tuesday morning his uncle took him to the train, and he reached Wall Street about ten. Although he was an hour late at the office, the cashier made no remark, and he was presently out on the street with a message for a broker in the Mills Building. While waiting to see the man he had brought the note to, a couple of brokers came into the waiting-room and asked for the trader. They were told he was engaged, but would see them shortly. They went over to the window and began talking in a low tone.

"Do you think he'll go in with us?" said one.

"I think he will when I show him that the stock is going to be boomed by the syndicate as soon as they get a corner on it."

"If he goes in that will complete the pool."

"Yes, and if he doesn't go in we'll call on Blakely and try him."

Jack caught their words and wondered what stock it was the syndicate was going to boom. Before he could hear any more he was told to go into the private room, and he went, delivered his note and got an answer to take back with him. When he came out the two brokers went in.

"Who are those gentlemen?" he asked a clerk.

"The stout one is Broker Ames; the other is a broker named Myers," was the reply he got.

The day passed, and about four, Jack, with his

grip, started for his boarding-house up in West Thirty-eighth street. Two days later he heard a broker ask another if he had any N. & O. shares.

"No. I just sold Ames all I had—1,000 shares," was the answer.

"Know where I can get some?"

"How many shares do you want?"

"I'll take all I can get up to 5,000."

"Try Myers. He's buying it, I understand, and might steer you on to some."

"So Ames and Myers are buying N. & O.?" thought Jack. "That must be the stock the syndicate is going to corner. I wish I could make sure of it."

The boy looked it up when he got back to the office, and found it was selling at a lower figure than usual.

"I think I'll take a chance on N. & O. Seems to me it is due to go up without reference to a syndicate or not. As my principle is to buy a stock when it's low, when I'm looking for a chance to add to my pile, N. & O. seems to fill the bill."

He had \$600 in the shape of a certificate of deposit on the little bank in Nassau street, and when he got off at half-past three that afternoon he went to the bank and ordered 50 shares of the stock bought for his account, putting up his certificate as security.

Next day he noticed in the Exchange, when he was sent there, that N. & O. had gone up a point. Two days later he saw that it was up another point. The market report of both days showed that a great deal of the stock had changed hands.

"I guess I made no mistake in buying it, for it seems to be in great demand, and when a stock is in demand it always rises," he said to himself.

On Monday of the following week N. & O. went up two points more. It kept rising during the week and attracted considerable attention. Every time Jack went to the Exchange he observed that there was a crowd around the pole of the stock, and brokers were buying and selling it at a lively rate. When the Exchange closed on Saturday, N. & O. was going at 90. He got a letter that day from Jessie and another from Tom. Tom's letter contained the following interesting piece of news:

"Bud Wheeler and his friends have been discharged from the workhouse. They are dead sore on the three of us. Bud is laying for Sam and me separately to give us a licking, so I heard. He's able to do it, so I am keeping out of his way. He has learned you are working in Wall Street, and he has given out the information that when he gets back to Jersey City he's going over to the city to spot you and lay you out. Two of the gang were taken back to the factory where they were working, but the others are loafing around. As Bud stands no show of getting his job back, he is sure to go back to Jersey City in a day or so. Keep your eyes skinned for him, for I guess he means business. Sam sends his regards. Yours as ever,

"Tom Bentley."

The information that Bud Wheeler might cross his path before long did not greatly worry Jack.

He wasn't afraid of Wheeler, though he knew he was a tough customer. Jack was sent to the Exchange on Monday about eleven, and he found a lot of excitement around the N. & O. pole. The blackboard showed that it was going up, and had reached 91 after opening at 90 1-8. Jack was at the Exchange again at noon and saw that the stock was up to 96. He decided that it was good policy to sell his 50 shares. He rushed up to the little bank, but there was such a long line trailing away from the window that he had to go away, for he could not wait there for his turn.

He had no other chance during office hours, and the stock closed at 99. On his way home he stopped at the little bank and told the clerk to have his stock sold first thing in the morning when the Exchange opened for business. His shares were disposed of for 99 3-8, and at eleven N. & O. was quoted at 102. It didn't go much higher, and was sliding backward when the little bank handed him his statement with an indicated profit of \$850, which was the largest amount he had made yet in the market. He wrote his uncle word of his success, and he told Jessie all about his luck in the letter he sent her.

A few days after that he went to the bank with a customer to identify him. There were half a dozen men in line, and the customer took his place behind the last one. Jack stood back until he reached the window. The man in front of the customer attracted the boy's attention. He had a glaring look in his eyes and was mumbling to himself. Jack had an idea that he was intoxicated. When he reached the window he shoved a check in. The paying teller looked at it.

"That person has no account here," he said, passing the check back.

"That's my check. I want the money," said the man.

"I don't know you. Leave the window or I'll call the officer of the bank to put you out."

"Hand me that money or I'll blow you and the bank to smithereens," cried the man, pulling a small cylinder out of his pocket and lighting a match, which he held close to the fuse that hung from the end of the cylinder. The teller shouted for the bank officer.

"Oh, you won't pay me, eh?" cried the man; "then up you go."

He lit the fuse and threw the cylinder at the teller, who sprang back in alarm. The man then reached his arm through the window, grabbed a package of bills and made for the door. Jack saw and heard all that passed, and he rushed after the man and caught him by the arm.

"Hold on, mister, don't be in such a hurry," he said.

"Let go," hissed the man, flashing a knife in Jack's face.

Jack caught him by the wrist and tripped him up. Both fell heavily to the floor. The man kicked and struggled violently, and Jack had all he could do to maintain his grip of his wrist and keep the fellow from shoving the knife into him. The bank officer hurried up and took a hand in the affair, and between the two of them the fellow was overpowered. In the meanwhile the teller had fled from his cage in terror of what he took to be a bomb.

It proved to be harmless, only a copper cylinder filled with sand, with a short fuse that soon burned itself out. The object of the thing was to scare the cashier away from the window so that the fellow who worked the trick could snatch the money within reach of his arm and get away in the confusion. He probably would have succeeded but for Jack's quick action. The package of money represented \$10,000, and the officer returned it to the teller after handcuffing the man. After identifying the boss's customer, Jack was requested to step into the cashier's office. There he told his short story and was complimented on his quick action.

The prisoner did not act quite sane, and after he was taken to the police station he grew worse and was afterward sent to the crazy ward at Bellevue. There he was examined and found to be irresponsible, and was committed to Ward's Island. For his services to the bank Jack was presented with \$500, and received a complimentary letter from the president. Of course, the incident was printed in the papers, with his name as the chief actor, and he mailed a marked copy to his uncle, and another to Tom.

CHAPTER V.—What Happened to Jack on April 1.

The first of April was a rainy day, and there was a continuous procession of umbrellas outspread passing up and down the street. The procession seemed larger on Wall, Broad and Broadway. Jack had brought his down with him, as a matter of course, for he was out and in all the time during business hours, and messages had to be carried in spite of the watery downfall. About eleven he rushed into an office in the Johnstone Building with a message. His umbrella was dripping rills of water.

"Is Mr. Morrison in?" he asked the office boy.

"Yes."

"Then I'll go in."

"Hold on there," said the boy. "Put your umbrella in that stand. You can't take it inside in that condition."

Jack appreciated that fact, and he deposited his umbrella inside a tall, round and narrow vessel provided for the reception of those articles. Hardly had he disappeared when the office boy went to the corner, took a dilapidated umbrella that would have made a hit with an old-time stump speaker on the stage and substituted it for Jack's, which he carried into the wash-room. A moment later he was called on to go out himself, and trotted off with his own umbrella. As he disappeared a pompous looking broker came in with a watery umbrella, and, depositing it in the stand, asked for the broker.

"You can go right in," said a clerk.

As he went in he met Jack coming out. The two umbrellas in the stand looked very much alike as far as their crooked handles went, and in that respect resembled Jack's. Jack looked at them and pulled out the dilapidated one. He saw right away that wasn't his, so he dropped it and, taking possession of the other without further examination, started off.

Five minutes later the pompous man came out

of the private room, seized the remaining umbrella and hurried away with it without looking at it, for all his thoughts were on a deal he had in hand. When he reached the door downstairs he started to open the umbrella, whereupon it all went to pieces. He stopped and stared at it. Several brokers passing the door saw the wreck and exploded with laughter.

"Where did you get that parachute?" one of them asked him.

"Somebody has played a trick on me," sputtered the pompous man, in a rage.

"It's the first of April, you know, Hobby," laughed another broker.

"I'll first of April the villain who did it," roared Hobby, rushing back to the elevator and returning to the office he had just left.

He suspected the office boy, and, dashing into the private room, showed the wreck of the umbrella and accused the broker's boy of pulling an April fool on him. The broker rang for his boy, and a clerk responded.

"Where is Eddie?" asked the broker.

"He's out, sir."

"How long has he been out?"

"Only a few minutes."

"Very well. Take this broken umbrella away and look around for the umbrella belonging to this gentleman. When Eddie comes in send him to me."

The clerk told the impatient and angry visitor to sit down while he looked up his property. The dilapidated umbrella he took out in the wash-room. There he saw Jack's umbrella on one side, and the umbrellas belonging to the office force standing near it. The pompous gentleman had described his property as a fine silk article, with his initials on a small plate at the point of the crook.

The clerk looked the umbrellas all over, but failed to find one that answered the description. He hunted all over the office, but without result, and then had to tell the gentleman that it wasn't in the place.

"This is a fine how-de-do!" snorted the pompous broker, in a great rage. "A man can't put down his umbrella in a respectable office but some rascal must run off with it and leave a damaged one in its place. How am I going to get back to my office in this rain, eh? Answer me that, sir."

"It's too bad, I'll admit, but it isn't my fault, sir."

"Who said it was your fault? Can I borrow an umbrella? I'll return it by my boy."

"I'll lend you mine," said the clerk.

Just then Broker Morrison came out of his room.

"Did you get your umbrella, Mr. Hobby?"

"No, sir, I did not. It can't be found, so it's evident somebody stole it and left his own broken one behind. Your clerk is going to loan me his so I can reach my office."

"As soon as my boy returns I'll send out and buy you a first-class umbrella to replace your lost one," said the broker.

At that moment the office boy came in.

"Look here, Eddie, do you know anything about this gentleman's umbrella? It was a silk one with a crooked handle. He left it in the stand

when he came in, and when he was leaving he found an old broken one in its place."

"I wasn't here when he came in, sir."

"Get \$5 from the cashier, run up to Broadway and purchase a first-class silk umbrella with a crooked handle."

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "Maybe that messenger who brought you a note just before I went out took the gentleman's umbrella by mistake. He had an umbrella with a crooked handle, and he stuck it in the rack before going into your room."

"That was Judson's boy. Run over to Judson's office first and see if the boy has the missing umbrella."

"Yes, sir."

But before starting the lad went into the wash-room to see if the messenger's property was where he put it. He found it was.

"I'll bet that guy took the gent's umbrella instead of the broken one. That little joke of mine hit the wrong person. I'd like to have been here when the stout gent found the broken one in place of his own. I'll bet he raised thunder generally," and the youth chuckled. "I must sneak this umbrella over to the chap who took the other. If the boss knew I was at the bottom of this thing he might bounce me. Anyway, he'd give me a laying out."

The lad put his own umbrella and Jack's together and left the office. As he got out of the elevator he ran against Jack, who had discovered the mistake he had made, and had come back after his own property.

"Hey, you're the fellow I want to see. You took away an umbrella that didn't belong to you and left yours. Here it is," said the youth.

The exchange was made as soon as Jack was satisfied the other was his, and he went away. Shortly afterward the pompous man got his own property back, and no one was the wiser that an April fool joke had been pulled off on the wrong party. About one o'clock that day Jack was coming along Broad street when he spied a rain-soaked wallet lying in the gutter. Fifteen or twenty other people, mostly boys, had seen it lying thereabouts, but not one of them picked it up because it was the first of April and they had their suspicions that it was a plant. Jack wasn't thinking about April Fool's Day, and he stooped and picked it up. Another boy who had stopped to see if Jack would pick it up shouted: "April Fool!"

"How do you know it's an April Fool? Did you put it there?" said Jack.

"No, I didn't put it there, but I saw it and I wasn't chump enough to pick it up as you have done. Do you suppose it would be there if there was anything in it?"

"Why not, if somebody lost it?"

"People aren't losing their pocketbooks on the first of April. Why don't you open it? I dare you to."

"I'll take your dare," said Jack, proceeding to open it.

It was full of banknotes. The other lad's eyes bulged.

"They're Confederate shinplasters."

"No, they're not," said Jack, taking out the top one, which had a 50 on it, and examining it carefully.

"It's stage money, then."

"Wrong again. It's the real stuff. I guess the joke is on you, sonny. You ought to have picked it up yourself. There's all of \$1,000 in this wallet. Better go around into New street and kick yourself for missing a good thing. Good-by," and Jack rushed into the Exchange, dropping the wallet in his pocket.

The other youth gasped and looked after him. Then he walked slowly away, thoroughly disgusted with himself.

CHAPTER VI.—Jack Continues to Get the Coin.

When Jack got back to his office he examined his find with eager interest. The wallet was soppy with moisture, but the bills were hardly damp, only the outside two showing slight effects of the wetting the pocketbook had been subjected to. Jack counted the money, and footed up \$3,100, all in large bills.

"I'm the luckiest lad in Wall Street," he told himself. "I ought to get \$100 for returning this to the owner. But who is the owner?"

He looked through the wallet for a clew, but there was not a thing that gave him a line on the person who had lost the wallet. Besides the money it contained several newspaper clippings, some postage stamps, and a small gold horseshoe.

"They say a horseshoe is lucky, but it didn't prevent the owner from losing his property, horseshoe included," thought Jack. "Now, what shall I do about this? I suppose I ought to advertise it. I guess I'll show it to the boss and ask his advice."

This he did just before Broker Judson went home. The gentleman opened his eyes when he saw the bunch of money.

"You have counted it, I suppose?" he said to Jack.

"Yes, sir. As there is no clew to the owner, I suppose I had better advertise it?"

"You must be careful in wording the advertisement so that no one but the real owner will be able to describe it or its contents. There is a class of persons in this city who make a business of following the 'Found' advertisements, and they are very clever at representing themselves as the rightful owners of valuable property found at large. They generally work in pairs. For instance, both will answer an advertisement stating that they have lost an article similar to the one advertised, and ask for an interview. One will call, give a description, which will usually be wrong. He will be told that the article in question is not his. He will express his regret and then try and get a sight of the article and, if it be a pocketbook, of its contents. Then he will go away and put his confederate on. That person will call, describe the article with fair accuracy and claim it. Quite often the scheme succeeds, and the partners divide the results. As you found this wallet in Wall Street near the Exchange, I would suggest that a notice be put up in the ante-room there stating that a pocketbook was found near the Exchange, containing a considerable sum of money, and that the owner can recover same by furnishing a reasonably accurate description of the wallet and its contents. Sign

your name to it, and give the address of this office," said the broker.

"All right, sir. I'll do that. I'll write the notice and ask Miss Whaley to typewrite it," said Jack. "I had better advertise, too, hadn't I?"

"Yes, in a non-committal way, and watch the 'Lost and Found' column in the papers. The owner is likely to advertise himself."

The notice was prepared, and Jack put it up in the little room adjoining the Board-room of the Exchange next morning. On his way home he inserted his advertisement in a big daily on Park Row, and in another paper uptown, not far from where he lived. Answers to his advertisements were to be sent to the newspaper offices. Next day he heard nothing from his notice posted in the Exchange. At the Park Row newspaper he received six letters. At the uptown paper three more.

"At least nine people are claiming the wallet lost in the financial district on the first of April," he said. "I suppose there are a lot of pocketbooks lost in a big city like this on every day in the year. I wonder who the lucky people are who find them? Well, I'm one of them at any rate."

He read the letters when he reached his boarding-house. Seven of the replies were from men and two from women. Most of them were sure the wallet was their property. None ventured a description of their alleged loss, but all asked for an immediate interview. The two women and two of the men asked Jack to call with the wallet at addresses furnished by them, the others were willing to call on the finder. Jack answered none of them till he had submitted them to the inspection of his boss. This he did next morning, and Mr. Judson looked at the replies.

"These people who have asked you to call and bring the wallet you had better ignore," he said. "They are clearly harpies. Their game is to get you to their house. They will hazard a guess concerning the wallet and its contents, and will of course run wide of the mark. But that will be immaterial. Their main purpose will have been accomplished if they get you in their power. You would probably be invited to take a drink. This would be drugged. You would be picked up hours later somewhere by the police, minus the pocketbook. It's an old game that still finds easy victims. As for the other correspondents, they work differently, relying more on chance, assisted by shrewdness and guile, to win out. I don't fancy that any of these people have lost a wallet, let alone this particular one. You can have them call, however, but let them do all the talking, and on no account show the wallet, or give out a hint. The bona-fide owner will not need it."

So Jack wrote to the five men who had asked for an interview to call at his boarding-house, and they all came one after the other on the following evening. He saw them one at a time. Their guesses were poor, except as to the size and color of the wallet. None of them knew what was in it, though they tried to tell. Three were extremely anxious to see it after admitting it was not theirs. Jack declined to exhibit it. Then they plied him with artful questions, but his answers did not encourage them. They saw that Jack was up to snuff, and gave the matter up as a bad job. The other two appeared to be genuine

applicants. They described their wallets, and what was in them at the time they lost them, and when Jack told them they did not come within a mile of the facts, they had nothing more to say. The notice at the Exchange was read by most of the brokers, but produced no results, and at the end of the week the wallet still reposed unclaimed in the big safe in the counting-room. Jack wondered if in the end the money would remain his property. He would indeed be a mighty lucky lad if it did, for \$3,100 was no small prize for any one to come in possession of so easily. The first of April appeared to be one of his lucky days, if not the luckiest. He soon found that his luck was not confined to any particular day. A week later, during which he continued to watch the papers for an advertisement from the person who had lost the wallet, which advertisement did not appear, he learned that a syndicate had been formed to corner and boom L. & M. shares. It was a good stock that usually held its own on the market. Lately it had been the butt of bear raids, and had been forced down to 90.

When Jack learned about the syndicate he figured right away that the bearing of the stock was the preliminary to the deal that was in contemplation. The purpose of the combine was to get the price of the stock as low as it could be got so it could be bought in as cheap as possible. It was bound to take a raft of money to swing such a big undertaking, but the syndicate was composed of very rich men who could command almost unlimited capital, and under such circumstances they stood to win, unless a combination equally as powerful opposed them after things got started. Then it would be a pretty fight for the mastery, and the outside betting public were pretty certain to be snowed under at the finish. Jack, always alive to a chance to add to his small pile, which now amounted to \$1,950, exclusive of the \$3,100, which he laid no claim to as yet, bought 150 shares of L. & M. at the little bank, and then lay back to await the course of events. He did not expect the stock to drop much lower, but still there was no telling what might happen. In this case the unexpected to him did happen. The price dropped to 78, and he was forced to borrow \$1,500 from the wallet to save himself. Had not that reserve fund been at his disposal his deal would have been wiped out, and not only would he have lost his \$1,500, but all the profit that subsequently came to him through his ability to hold on.

So finding the \$3,100 had another element of luck in it to him. The first of May came around while L. & M. was at a low ebb, but soon afterward it started upward, and in a week was up to 90 again. Had Jack not bought in such a hurry, but waited till the slump sent it down to 78, he would now have been able to count on a profit of about \$1,800. As it was, he was out the interest for three weeks on \$12,000 at about six per cent., which, however, did not amount to a whole lot, being something less than \$50. The second week in May saw L. & M. up to par, with the lambs falling over themselves trying to buy it. The outsiders always went dippy over a rising market. And the higher it went found them always on hand with their little bank-rolls. They seemed to forget that ordinarily the higher the price went

the less they stood to win, while their chances of losing increased in the same proportion. Jack followed only one principle—buy when the price was low and was going up, and sell before he figured it had reached its highest point. This heretofore had not always brought him in a profit, for the price often droppped and wiped out his anticipated profit, but it had saved him from any material loss. With a tip at his back he was more reckless, believing that he would win out anyway. Being in luck of late, he did win, where nine times out of ten he would have lost otherwise. During the third week of May the boom in L. & M. set in in earnest, and the price was run up to 115. Jack, however, sold at 110 1-2, and made \$3,100—the exact sum he had found. It was a curious coincidence, but he thought nothing of it. He was satisfied to know that he was worth \$5,000 apart from the cash he had found, for somehow he believed that the owner would turn up some day and claim it. For that reason he did not regard the money as an asset.

CHAPTER VII.—The Scene In the Wood.

As Decoration Day drew near, Jack planned to visit the farm again. His uncle expected him to come down and spend his holidays with him and Jessie, and as he believed it was to his interest to oblige the old man, he made his arrangements accordingly. He also had a strong interest in Miss Jessie, with whom he had been corresponding regularly since his last visit. Tom Bentley was also a steady correspondent of his, and he heard occasionally from Sam White. Jack had forgotten all about Bud Wheeler, who had left Pineville soon after his release from the workhouse. The young tough had failed to carry out his avowed purpose of whipping Tom and Sam, and if he had visited Wall Street to spot Jack, the latter did not know it. As Decoration Day fell on a Wednesday that year, Jack could only count on one day at the farm, and in order to get there without going to the expense of hiring a team at Chester, he had to reach that town in season to connect with the "huckleberry road," as the Pineville & Chester Railroad was called.

This short line met the express that left Jersey City at 4.10, or rather the one-horse train waited for the express to get to Chester, for it brought the mail for Pineville. It was necessary for Jack to leave his office about half-past three to get the express. As he was generally through work about that time, he could count on making it. On Tuesday morning he carried his grip to the office, and at quarter past four he was starting on his way. A hot box delayed the express twenty minutes to Chester, but the Pineville train was patiently waiting for it to arrive. The short line never ran fast enough to start a hot box, but the engineer had his own troubles sometimes. The locomotive had been running like a two-year-old for the past two weeks, and the engineer, who knew his machine thoroughly well, told the conductor that was a bad sign.

"The old thing is trying to make me believe it has come back, so as to have the laugh on me when something gives out," he told the conductor.

Nothing gave out, however, until the after-

noon, when Jack depended on the road to reach the farm in ample time for supper. The locomotive ran all right till within three miles of Pineville, and then one of the cylinder heads blew out. That brought the two cars to a stop. After a five-minute delay, Jack got out and went forward to find out what was the matter. He saw what the trouble was, and asked what the chances were of getting on. The reply he got was not encouraging. The train was not likely to proceed for two hours or more.

"Good-night!" said Jack. "I can walk to Pineville in half of that time. I can save half a mile by cutting through the woods yonder, which will bring me out on the country road. As a team will be waiting for me at the station, I've got to go there. What shall I tell the agent? That you'll be along before morning?"

With a laugh Jack returned to the car, got his grip and started on foot for the village, which, by the route he intended to take, was about two miles and a half away. He clambered over a fence into a tilled field and made his way across it to the woods. There was no path from the point where Jack entered the tree-covered area, but walking was almost as easy as if there had been. Jack got half-way across the woods when he suddenly heard a cry at a little distance on his left. At the same moment he became conscious of an odor of burning tar. The cry sounded like a boy's voice in distress. Jack stopped and listened.

"Help! help! help!" came to his ears.

"That is some fellow in trouble," thought the Wall Street boy. "It is up to me to go and see what is the trouble, and help him out of it if I can."

Jack hurried in the direction whence the cry had come. He heard no more cries, but he kept straight on. Presently he heard voices talking in gruff tones, the smell of tar was plainer, and he caught sight of smoke rising among the trees. The voices were those of boys and, as Jack drew nearer, he began to suspect that a bunch of lads were tormenting one of their number. Although he was now quite near he could see nothing of the actors in the scene, and he judged that the proceedings were going on down in a depression where he remembered there was an old tumble-down shanty. The conversation below was of a threatening nature, and that induced Jack to go slower and with some caution. The brink of the depression was encircled by thick bushes, and Jack, pushing his way through them, soon gained a position where he obtained a full view of the scene. He was astonished to see his friend Tom, divested of all his clothing but his shirt and pants, tied to a tree and gagged.

Near him a fire was snapping and crackling, while over it, suspended on three sticks tied together near the top, in gypsy fashion, hung an iron kettle. The odor that came from the kettle, and which pervaded the woods, was tar. Around the fire were half a dozen stout boys, rigged out in fantastic garments, such as boys are wont to assume on Thanksgiving, when they go around the streets begging for contributions of money, their faces hidden by masks and handkerchiefs to conceal their identity. A seventh lad, with a black mask, appeared to be the leader, for he was directing operations. Not far away on the

ground lay a couple of pillows, evidently filled with feathers. One of the boys was stirring the contents of the kettle, while two others were feeding the fire with broken dead branches. The others were looking on.

But for the fact that Bud Wheeler's gang had been broken up, and Bud himself had left the neighborhood some time since, Jack would have believed that bunch was implicated in the present affair. Appearances gave the impression that Tom Bentley was about to be treated to a dose of tar and feathers. The threatening attitude of the leader showed that the game was not in the nature of a joke, but that the seven boys really intended to carry out their design.

Tom was trying to release himself from the tree, but his efforts were fruitless, and the bunch enjoyed his struggles immensely. While Jack was hunting for a stick stout enough to cause trouble among the persecutors of his friend, the fire blazed under the tar kettle, and the preparations were rapidly progressing. The leader tested the condition of the tar to see if it was all reduced to a liquid state. As soon as it was, the fire was to be put out and the stuff allowed to cool somewhat, for the young rascals knew that it would not do to put it over their victim in a boiling state. Such a course would lead to serious results—not only to Tom, but to themselves, when they were caught. They intended to make Tom put his jacket on, to protect his back, and then they would hold him down on the ground, smear his clothes with the warm tar, and shower him with feathers. When they got through with him they expected he would present a most ridiculous object—a sort of a wild boy of the woods, covered with feathers instead of hair.

Jack searched around and found a good stout stick with which to help him in dispersing the vandals.

"I guess the tar is all right now," said the boy who was stirring it.

Tom began to struggle again on hearing what seemed to be his knell. The leader tested it again and was satisfied.

"Scatter the fire," he said, "and let the stuff cool a bit."

The fire was raked away with sticks, leaving the smoking kettle hanging over the hot earth. By that time Jack was ready for action. He worked around to a point behind the victim of the projected outrage and got out and opened his jack-knife to cut him free the moment he dashed on the scene. He had provided a stout stick for Tom, and he hoped the two of them would be able to stand the rascals off. At any rate, he intended to reach the tar kettle and overturn it, and that would block the game somewhat. If the bunch proved too much for them to handle, then he and Tom could retreat inside the shanty and hold them at bay there. The crowd now began an Indian war dance around the tree that held their prisoner. They performed the dance after the most approved fashion they were acquainted with, yelling and waving their arms about. The leader started a song, and the others chimed in with him. It was more of a discordant howl than anything else, and was their idea of an Indian song, which they interspersed with imitation war-whoops. Finally they stopped and drew off while the leader looked at the tar. It was still too hot

to be applied, so they amused themselves taunting Tom, and telling him how funny he'd look after he was tarred and feathered. When they grew tired of this they gathered about the kettle and began talking among themselves. Jack decided this was his opportunity. By crawling out a couple of feet behind the tree to which Tom was tied he would be able to cut his friend's bonds.

He thought he might be able to free Tom before his action was observed by the enemy. He lost no time in putting his plan in action. Parting the bushes, he crawled to the back of the tree. Dusk was beginning to creep over the face of the landscape, and naturally it was darker in the woods than elsewhere. Jack reached up and hacked at the rope. Tom became conscious that something was going on behind him, and being all up in the air, he began to squirm. Jack was afraid that his action would call attention to him, so he stood up and whispered:

"Don't move, Tom. It's I—Jack. I'm cutting you free. I've got a stick ready to hand you, and then we'll fight these chaps to a finish."

Tom subsided. He knew Jack was coming down for over Decoration Day. He was amazed that his friend should be in those woods when he ought to be at his uncle's by that time. He knew that the person behind him must be Jack, as he recognized his voice, and all his courage returned to him. Another couple of slashes and Tom was free. Jack thrust the stick in his hand. Then with a pair of wild whoops both of them dashed at the bunch around the kettle.

CHAPTER VIII.—A Midnight Visit.

To say that the crowd was taken by surprise would be putting it easy. For a moment they stood paralyzed. They saw their victim and another stout lad dashing at them with upraised sticks, and fancying there were more boys behind them, they turned and took to their heels, most of them badly scared at the consequences of their act if they were captured. Jack and Tom followed them a short distance, yelling like fun, and calling out to an imaginary constable to grab one of the fugitives. The bunch were so upset that they didn't stop running till they reached the field beyond and got half way across it. Then they saw no sign of their pursuers and continued on at a slower rate.

"Let them go," said Jack, when he saw that the enemy were on a demoralized run. "Now we'll get over to the road and home."

It took Jack but a few moments to recover his hair, and then he told Tom about the breaking down of the locomotive half a mile from the wood, and how, finding that the train was likely to be stalled for a couple of hours at least, he had decided to walk to the station.

"I knew I could save a good half mile by coming through the wood, so I did so instead of walking the tracks. I heard you shout for help, though I never dreamed it was you, nor did I suspect what was under way. I followed the sound in order to find out who was in trouble, and help the person out. I smelled burning tar, and wondered what it meant. Keeping on, I soon

discovered you down in the hollow, surrounded by that bunch. Have you any idea who they are? None of the village boys would play such a trick on you. They must have been some of the factory lads—perhaps several of that gang the constable arrested at the mill."

"That's who they were," said Tom, putting on his jacket. "And the fellow at the head of them I'll swear was Bud Wheeler."

"How did they catch you?"

"I was fishing in the creek across the railroad. I had no luck and started for home through this wood. I am sure those chaps had me spotted all the time, for when they rushed upon me they were got up as you saw them. They found the duds in the shanty. The kettle of tar and the sticks to hang it on were put in the shanty by somebody who had been using it and expected to use it again," said Tom, as they walked along.

He then told Jack of the rough-house they had treated him to, threatening at first to hang him up by the arms to a tree limb and leave him there. Then they brought out the tar kettle and told him that they had decided to make a guy out of him and chase him all the way to the village. As Tom finished his story, they came out in the road, less than a mile from the station. When they reached the railroad building they found Caleb Bunker walking up and down the platform in a sweat over the failure of the train to get there. The agent had telegraphed to the agent at Chester, and was told that the train had left that place right after the arrival of the express from Jersey City. The inference was that the train was stalled somewhere along the route. This had happened several times, though the train had never been held up so long before. The village postmaster's son was squealing because he had to wait so long at the station for the delayed mail bags. The arrival of Jack with Tom surprised old man Bunker and the agent, for they did not expect the former to reach there till the belated train brought him. Jack told what had happened to the locomotive, and said he got tired of waiting for the engineer and his fireman to repair damages so that the train could finish its trip, and had started to walk to the village, which was no great feat for him.

"Well, jump into the wagon and let's go home. Jessie will be wondering what is keeping us, for it's dark and we should have been at the farm more than an hour ago," said Caleb Bunker.

"Get aboard, Tom," said Jack, tossing his grip under the seat, "and we'll take you as far as our lane."

A minute later the light wagon was bowling along the road.

"How are you, girlie?" cried Jack, rushing up to Jessie, who had come to the kitchen door on hearing the sound of the wagon wheels, and grabbing her in his arms. "There's a postman's knock for you," he added, giving her two quick kisses.

"Aren't you the rough boy?" pouted the blushing girl, her eyes shining happily, for in her opinion there was nobody like Jack.

"Rough! Don't you like to be swung off your feet once in a while by your boy?" I can stay a day with you this time, and I want to make the most of it."

"I'm sorry you can't stay longer with us."

"I'm sorry myself, but the boss can't spare so valuable an individual as myself. I'll be down again on the Fourth of July, and later on my week's vacation. If you should make up your mind to marry me you'll see enough of me then."

"Marry you! Just as if I would."

"Why not? I'm a first-class proposition. I've made nearly \$4,500 since I was here last, and I found \$3,100 which I haven't actually laid claim to yet, but as there seems to be small chance of the owner turning up now, it will probably remain with me, all of which you know, for I told you those facts in my letters. But that is only a flea-bite in comparison with what I expect to make in the future. If you let such a good thing as me get away from you, why, you deserve to die an old maid."

"There, now, sit down to supper. It's been waiting ever so long. John has eaten his and done nearly all the chores."

Farmer Bunker now came in and the three sat down to the evening meal. Jack did most of the talking, for he had a fund of incidents to relate, and he also did full justice to his particular brand of muffins which Jessie had cooked for him. He did not go over to Tom's that evening, as Jessie was a greater attraction to him, and she would have felt much slighted had he left her when his visit was to be so short. They remained up till nearly eleven, happy in each other's company, though the usual hour of going to bed on the farm was nine o'clock. Jack found many little evidences of Jessie's thoughtfulness and handiwork in his room, and he turned in fully convinced she was the best little girl in the world. He was a sound sleeper, seldom waking up till morning once he fell asleep. On this occasion, however, he woke up suddenly. The moonlight was shining through his partly open window, painting a great white streak across the floor. As he was wondering what had aroused him, he heard the kitchen clock below strike twelve times.

"It's funny I should wake up," he said. "I don't usually— Hello, what's that?"

There were sounds outside his window, and he sat up in bed. From the position of the bed he could not see what was outside, but he saw the figure of a human being projected across the moonlight patch on the floor. The figure was elongated, or stretched out, as shadows usually appear under the circumstances. Jack knew that the individual who threw the shadow couldn't get to his window without a ladder, and, furthermore, that he had no business to be there. The Wall Street boy was a quick thinker. He jumped to the conclusion that some tramp crook was trying to enter the house, and if the man found him in bed he would be caught at a disadvantage. Quick as lightning he slipped out from under the clothes, shoved the pillow in his place and covered it up. Then he sank down alongside a small chintz-covered table that stood between the head of the bed and the window. Hardly had he done so when the window was softly raised all the way up and a head was projected into the room. It was a boy's head, and the face was Bud Wheeler's. He looked cautiously around, saw the lump in the bed, and concluded it was the sleeper he expected to find there.

"Come on, Tim," he said to somebody lower down on the ladder. "He's asleep. We'll bind

and gag him before he knows what's happening to him, and then we'll carry him to the mill."

As Bud spoke he lifted one leg through the window. Jack rose up, seized a glass of water that stood on the table and fired it full into Bud's face as he turned around. Taken by surprise, Bud let out a yelp and started to draw back his leg. Jack, creeping around the table, grabbed it as he rose up, and fairly threw the young rascal out. Bud crashed down on his pal, and carried him with him to the yard, where the pair landed in a heap in the midst of four other boys who stood there.

"Get away from here, you young rascals!" cried Jack, "or I'll blow your roofs off with the revolver I have. Git, now, quick!"

The bunch scattered in consternation, followed by Bud and Tim, both of whom were limping badly. They disappeared around the side of the house. Jack drew up the ladder and hauled the larger part of it into his room. Then he shoved the window down on it, and placed the soap dish on it in such a way that if it was tampered with again the dish would fall into the wash-basin and make a clatter that would wake him. Then he returned to bed and slept through till morning. His uncle saw the ladder sticking out of his window when he got up at half-past five to go to the barn, and the hired man also saw it. Neither could understand the meaning of the spectacle. The farmer went up to his nephew's room and found him asleep. He pushed the ladder out of the window, after replacing the basin and soap dish in their proper places, and the hired man took it away. He returned to the yard without awaking the boy, intending to ask for an explanation later. Jack furnished the explanation at the breakfast table.

"You say that a bunch of boys placed that ladder under your window, and that one of them was getting into your room when you woke up, and you tumbled him to the ground?" said the old man.

"Yes, there were six of them."

"Did you recognize them?"

"I recognized two of them, Bud Wheeler and the fellow Tim, as two of the boys the constable arrested at the mill the last time I was down here. Wheeler left soon after he was released from the workhouse, but it appears he has come back. I know now he was the ringleader of the crowd that caught Tom in the woods yesterday afternoon, and would have tarred and feathered him but for me."

"You had better drive down to the village and tell the constable to look for him. Call on the justice and swear out a warrant charging him with attempting to enter this house at midnight. Doubtless his object was to serve you some trick and not to rob the place, but he had no business to come here, and should be punished for it."

Jack did as his uncle suggested, and the constable, with the warrant in his possession, started out to find him. We may as well say now that he failed to catch Bud, for that young chap, surmising what was likely to happen, made himself scarce in the neighborhood.

Jack was back in Wall Street on Thursday morning. On the following Monday he noticed that C. & D. was going up. He bought 200 shares. When he sold out he had cleared \$1,000.

The last week in June he made over \$3,000 on a copper stock.

One day later his boss called him into the office and told him he was going to promote him to the counting room. But he told Jack he wanted him to do something for him first, and asked Jack to call at his house the next night at 8 o'clock and he would explain what it was. On the following evening Jack called at Mr. Judson's house. The broker told Jack to look around Wall Street for a room to rent. When he found one he was to have his (Jack's) name put on the door, together with "Stocks and Bonds." Then Jack was to buy up all the shares of Midland Short Line he could find at a point above the market and have them delivered C. O. D. at Taylor & Co., bankers. Jack was to report to Judson every evening of the day's proceedings. Then Judson told him the reason of his doing this: A syndicate had been formed to corner and boom the stock, and he took this way to keep the matter out of the minds of the various brokers not members of the syndicate. He gave Jack \$500 as a starter.

CHAPTER IX.—The Little Old Lady In Black.

Next morning Jack took his time getting down to Wall Street. It was half-past nine when he got there, and the first thing he did was to run against a messenger he knew.

"Hello, Jack," said his friend, whose name was Bob Short. "How are things?"

"Fine and dandy," replied Jack.

"You don't seem to be in your usual rush."

"I've lots of time."

"But it doesn't belong to you."

"It sure does. I'm my own boss. I was fired Saturday."

"Why did Judson bounce you?"

"Because I have been speculating in the market and have made so much money he was jealous."

"Were you discharged for speculating?"

"That's the reason Judson gave."

"You must have monkeyed with a lot of his time and he got tired standing for it."

"I didn't take much of his time. However, I don't care. I'm going into the brokerage business on my own hook. I'm about to hunt up an office."

"Get out. What are you giving me?"

"Nothing but facts. The next time I meet you I'll hand you one of my business cards. Get on now, or you'll get a wiggling from the cashier when you get back."

Jack walked off with his head in the air, as if he owned Wall Street. He knew the janitor of the building next to the one he had been working in, and he dropped in to see him.

"Hello, Casey. Got any rooms to rent in this joint of yours?"

"We've only one vacant one on the fifth floor, in the back. Want to rent it?" grinned Casey.

"How would you like to have me for a tenant?"

"First rate, if you were a little older and had a bank account."

"What has my age got to do with it?"

"Well, you see we don't rent rooms to boys."

"Did you ever have a boy apply for an office in your building?"

"Never. What would a boy want with an office, anyway? And where would he get the money to pay the rent?"

"I'm not guessing conundrums. I'd like to see that room you have for rent."

"What do you want to see it for?"

"To see if it will suit me."

"I have no time to waste this morning, my lad."

"It's your business to show any room you have for rent."

"Of course—to a prospective tenant."

"That's what I am."

"Ah, get along with you. Why, you're a messenger boy for Judson."

"I was till Saturday, but since then I've come into wealth," and Jack exhibited the five \$100 bills he received from his boss. "Do you see that? Well, it doesn't represent the twentieth part of what I'm worth."

"Holy smoke! You must have robbed your boss."

"What do you care? I'm going into business on my own hook, and I want a room. If yours is satisfactory I'll take it and pay you a month's rent down."

"We don't rent our offices by the month. We lease them by the year, from the first of May each year."

"I'm ready to sign a lease up to next May."

"You'd have to get somebody to guarantee that you'd pay the rent regularly while the lease ran."

"That's easy," and Jack pulled out a letter furnished him by Judson, in which a certain well-known operator in Wall Street guaranteed Jack as a tenant. "Read that, you suspicious old cormorant."

The janitor read it.

"Well, of all things! Then it's true that you've come into money and want to hire an office? Do you know what the rent of that room is?"

"No. What is it?"

The janitor told him, expecting that would settle the business. But it didn't.

"It's kind of stiff, but as I've got to have an office in Wall Street I'll have to pay the figure. Now take me up, and, if I like the room, I'll take it."

The janitor took him up to the room, and it suited Jack.

"I'll take it," he said.

"Come down and see the agent about it."

The agent gasped when Jack said he wanted Room 551.

"We are not in the habit of renting our offices to——"

"Boys? I have been told so, but perhaps you'll make an exception to the rule in my case."

"Well, hardly. It wouldn't pay."

"Read that, please," and Jack produced his letter.

The agent read, and looked his surprise.

"What do you want the office for?"

"Brokerage."

"Aren't you rather young for that?"

"Youth is no crime. I'm growing older every day."

"Well, as long as the rent is guaranteed, and the business is suitable for the building, you can have it. I'll make out a receipt for the first month's rent. You can come in any time before four and sign the lease."

"I'll be back in an hour," said Jack, laying down the money.

The agent counted it and wrote the receipt. Then Jack departed to buy his furniture. He was back at noon, signed the lease in duplicate, and took his paper away. A rug, a roll-top desk, four chairs and other things arrived at three, and a painter was putting his sign on the glass. A printer already had his order for cards.

"I must have ticker services, and a safe," he thought, "or I'll be a bum looking broker. I'll get them on my own responsibility, and pay for them myself."

On the following afternoon he had both. He was now all ready for business.

"I might as well do the thing up brown," he said. "I'll put an advertisement in one of the papers and send copies to Uncle Caleb, Jess and my friends in Pineville. Heavens, they will all have a fit."

He marched off to the office of the Wall Street Argus and paid for a week's insertion of a regulation broker's advertisement. Then he returned to his office with several papers he obtained at the Argus office. He had notified Broker Judson that he had secured and fitted up his office, and was ready to begin buying whenever he got orders to that effect. He remained at his office till half-past four reading mining news, then he locked up and went uptown. He got out of the train as usual, at Forty-second street and walked down to Thirty-eighth. As he drew near the latter street he noticed a little old lady in an old-fashioned dress walking in front of him quite smartly. She wore fingerless silk open mitts and carried a small hand-bag. It struck him that he had seen this lady, or one like her, on Wall Street a number of times. As she started across Thirty-eighth street an express wagon full of trunks came dashing down the block. Jack yelled to her to look out. The expressman made no effort to turn out, and the old lady stopped right in the path of the wagon, apparently confused and frightened. She would have been knocked down and run over but for quick action on the part of Jack, who darted forward, grabbed her and swung her out of harm's way.

"You had a narrow escape, ma'am," he said, leading her to the opposite curb.

She made no reply, but held fast to his arm. He waited for her to recover herself.

"You're all right now, ma'am," he said, reassuringly.

"You—you saved my life, young man," she answered.

Opening her bag, she fumbled in it a moment, pulled out a \$100 bill and offered it to him.

"Keep your money, ma'am. You are welcome to the service."

"Take it," she persisted.

Jack, however, couldn't think of taking it, and refused again.

"What is your name and where do you live?" she asked him, when she found he wouldn't take the bill.

"My name is Jack Jordan, and I live at a boarding-house on this street. Here is my business card," and he handed her one.

She glanced at it.

"Are you in Wall Street?" she asked him.

"Yes, ma'am."

"You must be older than you look to be a broker."

"Yes, ma'am," he said, for he was weary of hearing people tell him how young he looked.

If he could have raised a mustache on short notice he would have done so.

"I will call and see you," she said, in an abrupt way. "You have rendered me a great favor, and I won't forget it. Good-by."

She started off, apparently fully recovered from her scare, and Jack looked after her and wondered if she really intended to keep her word.

A short time after Jack got to his office the next morning a messenger brought him a note from Judson ordering him to commence buying, also attached to the note were the names of several brokers who were thought to have shares of the Midland Short Line. Jack visited a number of these brokers and up to one o'clock had gathered 10,000 shares. When he quit for the day he had secured 27,000 shares. He called on Mr. Judson and reported. That gentleman congratulated him on his progress. Next day Jack secured 23,000 shares. He also reported this to Mr. Judson. When Jack got his business cards from the printer he left one on his bureau at his lodg-the house, and the landlady spread the news around among the lodgers. He received a letter from Tom stating that his sisters were coming to New York to do some shopping and asked Jack to help them find lodgings for a few days. Tom was coming with them. Jack wondered what they would say when they found out he was a broker.

CHAPTER X.—Jack Gets a Commission of His Own.

Jack started out next day among the brokers at half-past nine and secured 5,000 shares by half-past twelve. He went to lunch and then continued the job. The amount of stock he got that day did not measure up with what he had bought the day before by a considerable margin, as he only got 12,000 shares altogether. He returned to his office at four and found a note pushed under the door and two letters on the floor. The note ran as follows, and was hastily written in pencil:

"Dear Mr. Jordan: I called on you as I said I would, but your office was locked up. Could you make it convenient to be at your office at ten tomorrow. I wish to give you a little commission to execute for me in grateful appreciation of the service you rendered me the other evening. Yours sincerely,
Harriet H. Handley."

"Harriet Handley!" mused Jack. "Seems to me I have heard of that name before. I wonder where? At any rate, it's the name of the little lady in black I saved from being run down by the express wagon. So she's got a commission for me? She must be a female lamb. If I was going to continue as a broker I dare say she would give me her custom. I wish I could continue. I think it is fine to go around buying stock from brokers, and then sit in your office when you are through for the day. When this thing is over I'll have to explain why I didn't last longer, or all those

who know I have started up for myself, apparently, will believe that I was a bad failure and give me the grand laugh. I have \$12,000 odd; why shouldn't I keep on? I could return Mr. Judson the \$500 he advanced me for fitting this office up, less the amount I paid for the first month's rent. He ought to give me \$100 for my services. The only thing is he won't want me to go on, for he has settled to give me a clerkship in his counting-room. Maybe I could persuade him to let me run a while on my own hook and see how things pan out."

Jack read the mining and financial papers till five o'clock. As he started to leave he noticed the two letters he had laid on his desk. He had forgotten about them till then. He opened them and saw that they came from out-of-town persons who had seen his advertisement. They wanted information about a certain stock each mentioned with a view of sending him an order to buy it for them.

"I'll have to answer them, but I haven't got a letter heading. I must get a few printed in the morning and answer these people to-morrow afternoon. In the meantime, I can get the information they want from Mr. Judson when I see him at his house. He'll laugh when I tell him about those letters."

Jack went straight to Judson's and reported what he had done that day.

"Twelve thousand was the best I could do, sir, and I worked like a beaver," said Jack to the broker.

"That's all right. Sixty-two thousand in three days is excellent for you. You will find considerable difficulty from this out getting the stock, as you have exhausted your list. I consider that you've done your work well, for I've not heard any one mention a word about Midland Street Line being scooped on the quiet, and the quotations remain nearly the same as when you started in. I expected to hear rumors of something doing in the stock which would probably have sent it up two or three points, and I would have been obliged to call you off for a while till things simmered down. I made no mistake, I see, in intrusting you with this business. Keep on and do your best. It will take you a week or more to get another 20,000."

Jack then told him about the two letters he had received.

"I can't understand how you got them," said Judson.

"I can tell you. I have a standing advertisement in the Argus, and they saw it. You didn't tell me to advertise, but I thought I would for effect."

The broker laughed. Jack told him what the writers wanted to know, and asked Mr. Judson to send him the information before four next day so he could send it to him. The broker made a note of the matter and promised to attend to it, after which Jack left, forgetting to tell him about the little old lady. Had he done so, and mentioned her name, he would have given the trader a great surprise, and Judson would have been puzzled what to say. Next morning Jack waited for the little old lady to call. She walked in a little after ten.

"Glad to see you, Mrs. Handley. Take a seat," said Jack, politely, offering her a chair.

"My name is Miss Handley," said his visitor with a smile.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. I thought——"

"From my age that I was married. No, I am an old maid, and am perfectly contented to be one. I have my own home, a retinue of servants, and plenty of money. What more do I need? I would have found a husband an incumbrance."

"Yes, ma'am," said Jack, not knowing what else to say.

"Now, young man, how long have you been in Wall Street?"

"A little over three years."

"How long have you been in business for yourself?"

"About a week."

"Before that how were you employed?"

"I was working for Broker Judson."

"I know him."

"You do?" cried Jack, in surprise.

"Yes. How came you to leave him? Surely you could not have gained the experience and training in three years to warrant opening an office of your own."

"He discharged me for speculating in the market," said Jack, frankly.

The lady pursed her lips.

"I am sorry to hear that. But what are you conducting your business on?"

"The capital I made speculating—about \$12,000."

"You made that much out of the stock market?"

"Yes. I started on \$50 that I had saved up, and I have been very lucky."

"I should think so. I am under great obligations to you, and should like to repay you. Do you think you could buy me 1,000 or more shares of a certain stock close to the market?"

"A thousand or more! Are you a regular speculator?"

Miss Handley smiled.

"I have been buying stock on speculation for some years. Have you never heard of Harriet Handley, the woman operator?"

"My gracious! I've seen you a number of times on the street, and it struck me I had seen you before when I saved you from that wagon. Why, I heard Mr. Judson say you were worth several million, and that you were the shrewdest operator in the Street."

The little old lady smiled again.

"Do you think you could go around among the brokers and buy a quantity of stock, a little here and a little there, without letting them suspect that you were buying much of it?"

"Yes, ma'am. That is the job I am now engaged upon. I have bought 62,000 shares of a certain stock in the last three days—or—but there, I shouldn't have mentioned the matter to you, as I am buying on the quiet. I trust you will not say a word about it to anyone, for it would injure me. Probably end my career in this office."

The lady looked hard at him.

"My gratitude to you would keep my lips closed under any circumstances. So you have really bought that amount of stock in three days?"

"Yes, ma'am, and the price hasn't advanced a point."

"You are a marvel for your age and short experience. If I gave you an order to buy me 10,000 shares of the stock I want, do you think you could execute it?"

"Certainly, ma'am."

"Hand me your pad and I will write the order."

Jack did so. The lady directed him to buy for her outright 10,000 shares of Southern Railway at a slight advance on the market, and signed the order with her well-known signature, that was greatly respected in Wall Street. The stock was to be delivered C. O. D. at the Manhattan National Bank.

"Here is my house address, Mr. Jordan. When you have filled the order, call and let me know. Now write on your pad, 'Deliver one share of S. R. at 96, C. O. D., at the Manhattan National Bank,' and sign your name to it."

Jack did so and handed the paper to her.

"This is for the bank's cashier to verify deliveries on your order," said Miss Handley. "Now, good-by. The quicker you fill my order the better I'll be satisfied. When you call on me, bring your statement. I pay the regular commission. In this case it will be \$1,250."

Jack saw her to the door, and soon afterward started out himself.

CHAPTER XI.—A Golden Shower.

Every broker Jack visited in quest of Midland Short Line he also asked for Southern Railway. He found both very hard to get, and when he quit at half-past twelve, for it was Saturday, he had picked up only 1,500 of the former, and 1,000 of the latter. On Monday morning he was out at half-past nine on his quest. He found 3,000 Midland S. L. and 4,000 Southern Railway that day. Next day he only got hold of 1,000 Midland, but secured the other 5,000 of Southern Railway in a dozen small lots. After calling on Mr. Judson that day, he went two blocks further up the avenue to Miss Handley's house. It was one of the big houses of the street, occupied only by the old lady and a favorite niece, with a number of servants. Jack was admitted to the parlor, and was then taken upstairs to the private sitting-room where he found Miss Handley alone. She complimented him on his activity in getting the shares for her, and said the bank had notified her by 'phone that her order had been filled. She had a check already made out for the amount of his commission, which she handed him.

"You have done so well, Mr. Jordan, that, apart from the friendly interest I take in you, I think I will put you on my list of buyers," said Miss Handley. "But you mustn't let any one know that you have any business relations with me. As long as that fact can be kept in the background it will be advantageous to me to employ your services. And it will be advantageous to you to have me for a client."

When Jack left Miss Handley's house it was with the determination to continue as a broker, whether that suited Mr. Judson or not. That \$1,250 check had definitely settled Jack's future, for it was accompanied by the lady's assurance of further orders on a similar scale. To have Miss Handley for a customer was something to be

proud of, for there wasn't a broker in the Street but would fall over himself to get the lady on his books. At any rate, her orders alone would keep his head above water while he was hustling for business.

When he got to his boarding-house he found another short letter from Tom, telling him that he and his sisters were coming on next morning, and he relied on Jack to get accommodations. Jack didn't have far to go to get them. He learned that one of the spare rooms in the house had been vacated that day, and he engaged it for his friend's sisters. As for Tom himself, he decided to share his room with him, and he notified the landlady to that effect. Next morning at a quarter past nine he was over in Jersey City waiting for the train. Tom and his sisters were expected to come by. They arrived all right fifteen minutes later, and Jack took them straight to his boarding-house. Tom and his sisters had been in the city before, and the girls did not need to be told where the big department stores were. They knew that most of them were on Sixth avenue, from Fourteenth street up, and with the address of the boarding-house in their satchels in duplicate, they did not fear they would go astray. Tom was greatly surprised to learn that Jack had an office and was in business for himself in Wall Street. The two boys went downtown together right away, as Jack felt he could not neglect the business he was engaged in. Tom went around with him on his calls, and at one they went to lunch. At three o'clock Jack decided to quit for the day. He hadn't bought a share of Midland, for nobody he called on professed to have any of it.

"I'd like to go down to the Battery," said Tom.

"All right," replied Jack; "but first we'll go up to Liberty street. There's an auction sale of miscellaneous truck there, and among the stuff the advertisement said there were a lot of framed steel engravings. I want to get several if I can."

So to the auction store on Liberty street they went. Jack found to his disappointment that the pictures had been auctioned off two hours before. In fact, all the best things had been disposed of. The crowd had, in consequence, thinned out. A curious-looking old-fashioned trunk was lifted on to the stand where the auctioneer stood.

"Gentlemen," he said, "here is a trunk the mate of which would be hard to find in these days of the improved article. It is a trunk such as our grand-daddies used, and this one has historic value, for it was originally owned by an old Tory in this city when New York was in the hands of the British. For that reason, gentlemen, it ought to fetch a good price—as an antique. I might add that it is full to the brim with—but I will leave you to guess the nature of its contents, which goes with the trunk. Now, start her up. Let me have a bid. Will any gentleman say \$100?"

Nobody said it. Instead, there was a general laugh.

"What are you laughing at, gentlemen? I assure you this trunk is a prize at \$100," said the auctioneer.

"Why don't you bid it in yourself, then?" asked a spectator.

"I would like to, but I can't afford luxuries. Will anybody start this trunk at \$75?"

Nobody volunteered to do so.

"Gentlemen, won't you make a bid?"

"I'll go you \$5," said Jack.

"Five dollars! Young man, you have no eye for the antique. I am offered \$5 for this trunk and its contents; who will give \$10?"

Nobody appeared desirous of giving that sum, so the auctioneer dropped to nine, then eight, seven and six, but not a spectator appeared to want the trunk at any price.

"Sold for \$5 to that young man. Step up, pay the clerk and take your prize away," said the auctioneer. "Hand me up the next article."

The trunk was lifted down and Jack paid the \$5, asking for a bill of sale, which he got. An express wagon stood outside, and Jack hired the man to carry the trunk to his office. He and Tom went along on the wagon. The trunk was carried up to Jack's office and dropped near the ticker.

"Open it and let's see what's in it," said Tom.

"No," said Jack. "Your sisters are coming down to see my office to-morrow. They'd like to be present at the inspection of this prize package, so I'll defer the opening of the trunk until they are on hand. In the meanwhile, we'll go down to the Battery."

Jack did not consider it necessary to call on Mr. Judson that afternoon. He embodied the whole of his report in the words "Nothing doing to-day in M. S. L." and enclosing the communication in an envelope, sent it by an A. D. T. messenger when he and Tom returned uptown. Next morning after breakfast Jack, Tom and his two sisters went down to Wall Street together. Jack led the way to his office, and the girls got their first sight of it. They both declared that it was a very fine little office, though, as a matter of fact, it was quite an ordinary one.

"Is that the trunk you bought at the auction house?" asked Maud Bentley.

"That's the article," said Jack. "How does it strike your fancy?"

"It is ridiculously old-fashioned," said Tessie. "What are you going to do with it?"

"Keep my love letters in it when I get a girl."

"Why, you've got a girl already. You're as sweet as honey on Jessie Blake."

"How do you know I am?"

"Tom told us so."

"Oh, he did? He had no right to give out any such information as that."

"You expect to marry her some day, don't you?"

"I might if she'll have me."

"Oh, she'll have you quick enough. She has no use for anybody else."

"Oh, can that talk and let's see what's in the trunk," said Tom, impatiently.

"Yes, do open it, Jack, and let us see what you have bought," said Maud.

"The auctioneer said it was worth \$100, but he showed no reluctance in parting with it for a five-spot," said Jack. "Suppose you people guess what is in it."

"Clothes," said Tessie and her sister in a breath.

"Old rags and waste paper," said Tom.

"It hardly contains anything of value, for the auctioneer had the key, and he must have looked into it to see the nature of its contents," said

said Jack. "So here goes to see what it does contain. I can't lose more than \$5, anyway."

"And fifty cents express," said Tom.

Jack opened the trunk in the presence of his friends, all curious to see what it contained.

"Nothing but old clothes," grinned Tom, whereat the girls giggled.

Jack lifted the topmost article—an ancient blue coat, with big brass buttons, and swung it around in the air. To the astonishment of all present the coat began shedding gold coins.

"Great fishbones! That coat's a regular mint," cried Tom.

CHAPTER XII.—Jack Is Released by Judson.

As the coins ran hither and thither across the floor, Tom made a dive at them and began picking some of them up. Jack continued shaking the coat until they ceased to fall, but from the weight of the garment there appeared to be some still in it. An investigation showed that the lining was full of gold pieces, and they were all English sovereigns of a date just before the Revolutionary War. When they had all been gathered up and counted, 300 answered the roll. That was approximately \$1,500 worth. And Jack had only given \$5 for the trunk. That beat stock speculating all hollow.

"You are the luckiest boy in Wall Street," said Maud Bentley.

"It's funny how the top garment of all should be full of gold pieces, and yet pass the inspection of the people who sent the trunk to auction," said Jack. "Doubtless the auctioneer was told that it contained only old clothes, and he did not bother opening it to look at the contents. I call this the most remarkable piece of luck that ever befel a buyer at an auction sale."

The English money, which was really guineas, worth 21 shilling each, or \$5 in American money, was placed in the safe.

"Now, good folks, I've got to attend to business," said Jack. "Have you finished your shopping, girls?"

"Oh, dear, no. We have lots to buy yet," said Maud. "We are going right up to the stores now."

"Then Tom and I will put you aboard of a Broadway car, and you can get out at Fourteenth street and walk west to Sixth avenue."

After the girls were sent uptown, Jack, accompanied by Tom, went on with his tour after Midland Short Line. They stopped for lunch, and then Tom said he'd go down to the Battery and put in an hour or two there, and would be back at Jack's office at four. Jack only came across the stores of Midland that day.

"I guess I've rounded up about all there is in sight," he said to himself. "I must have called on over a hundred brokers."

When he got back to the office he found Tom cooling his heels outside. On the floor beside him were several letters which had been delivered by the postman during his absence. One of them contained a draft for \$1,000 and an order to Jack to buy 100 shares of a certain stock. The other correspondents asked for information. Jack studied up the market and then composed a market letter. He also dictated a letter to the cus-

tomers who sent him the draft, acknowledging its receipt and informing him that his order would be filled the first thing in the morning. There was nothing in the order for him unless he put it through Judson's office, and he did not know whether the broker would care to handle it under the circumstances. He would see when he called on him later. Tom and his sisters returned home next day, and Jack went with them, as it was Saturday, and he could remain over Sunday on the farm. As there was no conveyance waiting for him at the station he rode as far as the lane in the two-seated Bentley buggy which had been sent for Tom and the girls. When he walked into the kitchen and found Jessie preparing supper. She uttered a cry of astonishment at seeing him. But she was awfully glad he came.

"Why didn't you send us word, you bad boy?" she said, after he had hugged and kissed her. "I suppose you had to walk from the station?"

"I came as far as the lane in the Bentley rig," he said. "I didn't send word because I made up my mind to come with Tom and his sisters at the last moment."

"Your uncle will be greatly surprised when he comes in from the field."

"That won't hurt him any, I guess. By the way, I'm my own boss now. Here's my business card."

"My goodness, are you really a broker yourself?"

"Yes. The card says so, doesn't it? I intended to have sent you one of the papers containing my advertisement, but changed my mind. I wanted to surprise you and uncle myself."

Then he told her about the English gold he found in the coat which came out of the trunk he paid only \$5 for.

"I never saw such a lucky boy as you are," said Jessie.

"Yes, I am pretty lucky. The best of all my luck, however, is to have such a fine little sweetheart as yourself."

Jessie smiled and blushed prettily and asked him if he really meant that.

"Sure I mean it. Don't you believe I don't."

"Yes," she said softly. "I believe you are the best boy in the world."

"You haven't said yet that you will marry me some day. Will you?"

"Yes, if you want me."

"I'll bet I want you. I wouldn't lose you for a gold mine."

Supper was on the table when Caleb Parker came in, and he was mighty surprised to see his nephew. He gave him a hearty welcome just the same. It was another surprise to him to learn that Jack was in business for himself. The boy explained how it came about. Jack returned to Wall Street Monday morning and spent the day on Mr. and S. L. with indifferent results. When he called on Mr. Judson, he told him that he guessed he had about cleaned up on the stock, but he didn't believe he'd find much more if he went over the Street with a fine-tooth comb.

"I guess you're right," said the broker. "I am perfectly satisfied with your efforts. You will continue to hold the office till further notice on a salary of \$15 a week, counting from the time you left my office. In addition to that, you will receive \$250 for your good work. In a month, prob-

ably, I shall be ready to take you into my counting-room."

"I think I'd rather come to a final settlement with you now and continue as a broker instead of going back to your office," said Jack.

Judson looked at him in some surprise.

"Why, you couldn't make your salt," he said.

"I disagree with you, sir. I've already secured one good customer, and have made \$1,250 out of her in commission."

"How did you secure her?"

"By accident. I saved her from being run over by an express wagon uptown."

"Well, one customer won't pay your expenses. The rent of that room is \$150 a month, not to speak of the other expenses, as well as your personal ones. You would have to earn fully \$3,000 a year to break even. In any case, you need some capital."

"I made \$9,000 speculating in the market while acting as your messenger."

The broker gasped.

"Do you mean that?"

"I do. When you gave as a reason for discharging me that it was on account of my speculations, you hit the actual truth without knowing it, so you had better make the discharge permanent, and let me continue on my own hook."

The interview lasted some time longer, and ended with Mr. Judson agreeing to let Jack go on and see how he would come out. And so Jack left the broker's presence feeling there was no longer a string attached to him, and that he could go ahead without any hindrance from Mr. Judson.

One day later Jack took a shy at N. & O., and made \$2,500 when he sold out. Miss Handley sent for him and ordered him to buy 10,000 shares of a stock for her. He filled the order and made another \$1,250 commission. Jack got other orders from her. When the time came for him to renew the lease he did so, and kept on having the same luck which seemed to stick to him. And so we will leave him.

Next week's issue will contain "IN THE LUMBER TRADE; or, A WINNING SPECULATOR."

LONG OMNIBUS LINE

Regular omnibus service has been established on the Pacific Coast connecting the cities of Seattle, Portland and San Francisco, approximately 1,000 miles apart.

Half a dozen big omnibuses holding from thirteen to nineteen passengers each have been placed on the run, and schedules are arranged so that cars leave each city three times a week.

The service is designed, not as competition with the railroad, but as an outing or recreation feature, the trip by automobile being advertised as a scenic trip which cannot be duplicated anywhere.

The trip takes four days, with daylight running only. An unusual feature is affiliation which has been made by the bus line with the steamship lines, which enables a traveller to make the trip one way by the automobile stage line and return by steamboat.

CURRENT NEWS

BIGGEST TELESCOPE FOR SEATTLE

Charles H. Frye, Seattle capitalist, announced recently his selection of Beacon Hill, in South Seattle, for the observatory which will house the biggest telescope in the world. The monster glass, 120 inches in diameter and weighing five tons, will be shipped to Seattle from Vancouver on a special barge, he added.

CALMS CONSCIENCE BY PAYING LONG OWED FERRY FARE

Harry Crandall, a resident of Gales Ferry, New London, Conn., had felt something bothering his conscience for some time, and recently he searched the nooks and crannies of his brain to locate the thing that was worrying him. Finally he found it.

Fifteen years ago he "beat" his way across the ferry between New London and Groton. He owed the ferry company a nickel. The thought worried him, and finally he sat down and made a clean breast of it in a letter to the Mayor, inclosing a nickel. The coin was sent to the F. H. and A. H. Chappel Co., who operated the ferry at that time. Another concern now has the business.

CITY POLICE TO USE PAPER BULLETS

Gas bombs and paper bullets are now part of the regular equipment of the police in the fourth city in America.

Police Commissioner Inches felt that machine guns were needed by Detroit to help in dispersing mobs. So the city bought a number of sub-machine guns, to shoot 1,500 bullets a minute, but

the Commissioner, who is a man with a kind heart and couldn't bear the thought of the steel jacketed bullets mowing men down just because they happened to be disorderly.

Dr. Inches suggested that paper bullets be made, containing a charge of minute bird shot. It is said these paper bullets will not cripple for life or kill any person, no matter at what close range they are fired, but will stop any mob.

The bullets were found to have just about the necessary speed and hardness to get under a man's skin and make him want to hunt a doctor in the quickest possible time.

RADIO FOR SHOEBLACKS, DENTISTS, BARBERS

Dr. De Forest predicts that in 1927 there will be 23,000,000 people listening in to radio concerts, but if things keep on at their present pace there will be more than that number in a few months, says the *Radio News* (New York.)

Radio appears daily in new and in the less expected places. An enterprising shoeblack, in Oakland, Cal., lately installed a receiver and now gives free concerts to his patrons in succession while they listen.

In a dentist's office a pair of receivers on the cars replace the old gasmask. The patient is so interested in the radio music that he forgets about the dentist and the pain. Even those who have been forced to suffer in silence or mild acquiescence the rambling gossip and advice of the barber may soon find relief in radio. Already one barber has installed a receiver in his shop and the baseball fans will be able to get the scores up to date while being shaved.

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— OR —

THE BOY WHO BEAT THE MOONSHINERS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

The party took the train back for the little city of Hildale, Dan sending on Starlight in the express car and leaving the other horses with Zachary for any disposition he might desire.

Dan received a wonderful ovation from his own people, as he returned to Hildale. The militia would have been called out by the governor had he not shown up by that day, and the lad's game fight against the unlawful gangs of the mountain country had created a stir throughout the State.

Dan's mother and sister Bess were at the depot, with the old colonel, and such a greeting as he got from them!

They were introduced to Beryl and the judge, who were invited to the house to remain, while they rested from their difficult sojourn. The news of Dan's engagement to Beryl soon came out, with the hearty blessing of both fathers.

The best result, except that, of all the long trip and its privations was that Dan, with the aid of Judge Barton, managed to form a new syndicate by bringing in some more owners of big tracts of land next his father's.

All these men, joining together, swung a big deal with a great industrial corporation—the richest coal and iron company in the country.

This big concern bought the land outright, to use the iron mines, the coal and the timber and later on develop it into farm lands, which would spread peaceful civilization where once lawlessness and crime were the chief industry.

Jake Newcastle, with so much evidence as Dan and the judge, as well as Tom Dingle, could give against him, was sent to the penitentiary for a long and merited term.

There were about a dozen more of his gang who were rounded up for similar treatment, and this discouraged the rest of the people, so that moonshining became what you might call "unfashionable" around that section.

The big company, which bought the land, came into possession with its own private police, scores of husky henchmen, to preserve order and protect the property, and the timber thefts stopped as though by magic.

The mountaineers learned that if they behaved themselves and worked they were given good positions and generous pay; that if they did not they were making a great corporation and the State of Tennessee as well.

Thus did Dan improve the entire neighborhood, spread prosperity and good conduct about, and win for himself and his father an immense for-

tune which they realized from the sale of the properties.

He married Beryl, and they went to live in the East, where Dan's ability as an organizer and promoter helped him to build up a greater success with the opportunities which the rich old judge could lay before him.

Tom Dingle decided to go to the East as well, for he knew that the gangsters of Newcastle would hound him down if he remained in the mountain country.

He made a success of his life, and never regretted his turning toward an honest calling.

Old Zachary is still living, although he and his wife are quite feeble. But they can afford to hire all the attendants they need, for true to his word, Dan made the old fellow a partner in his property, and gave him a fine percentage of his profit on the coal property.

The reader would hardly know Newell's Ford, if he judged by past descriptions, for it has changed to a busy manufacturing village, with stores, lumber mills, coal yards, and has a big railroad terminal in it, which connects directly with the great markets of the East.

So Dan Dobson's fight against the moonshiners was for their own best interest, after all, and all the people of the section, who deserved any right or did their best, were rewarded beyond their deserts, because of the plucky work and unselfish devotion of Daring Dan.

(The End.)

NEXT WEEK!

NEXT WEEK!

ANOTHER GRAND SERIAL STORY

WILL BEGIN

Don't Fail to Read

Held Down By Poverty

— OR —

A POOR BOY'S STRUGGLE FOR SUCCESS

By GASTON GARNE

OUT NEXT WEEK!

SHERIFF GLAD TO GET RID OF BOY INDIAN HUNTER

David Campbell, fifteen, ran away from his Chicago home to go west and kill Indians. When he got to Miles City, Mont., he found a perfectly civilized sheriff waiting for him. The sheriff had been told to hold the boy until Chicago relatives arrived.

"You know, that boy gives me a heap of trouble," the sheriff said when the Chicago people arrived. "I put him in jail when I went to a ball game, and darn me if he didn't pick the lock with a fork and get out."

ITEMS OF INTEREST

BIRD KNEW ONLY MEXICAN

It was fortunate for Mrs. Frank Henderson's sulky parrot that the Mexican tongue is spoken this far north.

The parrot played hookey and was discovered perched atop the ridgepole of the Western Export and Lumber Co.'s sawmills, Cottage Grove, Ore. All efforts to bring it down were unsuccessful. Every language book in town was brought out, but their authors claim that the sundry tongues treated between their covers could be understood by natives at first blush were cruelly disproved.

Then Mrs. Esther Salsido, who had given Mrs. Henderson the parrot, was hastily called and the bird responded to the magic charm of her summons by ambling down the mill's cant roof and onto her shoulder.

WOODEN PLOWS COMPARED WITH IRON

In Siam they still use wooden plows, but the Government experimental rice farm has been trying out some iron ones. James P. Davis, United States Consul at Bangkok, reports that it was found that work can be done more quickly with a wooden plow. It was noticed that the iron plow is a greater strain on the cattle than the ordinary wooden plow, and it was noticed also that it often slips aside, but makes better furrows than the wooden plow.

On the whole, the iron plow was found to be an improvement over the wooden implement, if only because it is less liable to break. Some further adjustments are necessary in the particular type of plow used, so that the depth of the furrow can be regulated. During the trial the plow went too deep in wet soil, though it worked well in soil that was simply moist.

MAN WALKS AROUND THE UNITED STATES

With about half of his task of walking over the rim of the United States without assistance of any kind accomplished, Leonard Day, a San Francisco waiter, breezed into New York the other day with his airedale dog trailing proudly behind him. Day has contracted with a San Francisco news syndicate to walk 10,585 miles in fourteen months. The conditions are that he must not have any money in his possession at any time, cannot solicit, ask any personal favors or take a lift along the road except in case of injury.

Dan left San Frisco on his circling-the-rim like Nov. 20 last. He walked east by the southern route, using the old Spanish trail. On his return trip he will go from Bangor, Me., to Buffalo, Chicago, Portland, Ore., and thence to San Francisco. Since he left San Antonio, Tex., he said he was only compelled to sleep twice in the open and after crossing the Potomac lost only two meals. Municipal firemen have been his hosts.

Dan expects to reach San Francisco March 23, 1923.

DEVIL FISH INFEST NORTH FRANCE RESORTS

Devil fish, appearing in immense schools at the French seaside resorts in Normandy and Brittany, have caused pleasure seekers there to stick close to the shore and sent cold shivers up and down the backs of such fair frequenters of the fashionable watering places as dared to go into the water.

The octopus fleet is said to have been driven landward by the unusually low temperature of the water. Heretofore they have been rarely seen near the sand beaches, assembling mostly at the fishing banks, where they devour the fish and destroy the nets. The knowledge of their presence in bathing localities has given little rest to the bathers' imagination.

Swimmers of both sexes have been frequently seen making a frantic exit from the water, seizing the idea that a slimy tentacle tried to grip a leg or an arm. Hotel proprietors have been alarmed to the extent of seeking scientific advice. They have been informed by the director of the Bureau of Scientific Research that the devil fish is not dangerous to life and limb and that the famous fight with the octopus in Victor Hugo's "The Toilers of the Sea" existed in the author's imagination.

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WITHIN SIGHT OF THE MATTERHORN

By KIT CLYDE

Some dozen years ago an invalid American lady named Mrs. Summers was staying near Zermatt, in Switzerland, for the benefit of her health. Her two boys, fresh from school, joined her for the holidays, glad indeed to have such a complete change from the monotony of school life. They never tired of wandering up the valleys or climbing part way up the numerous mountains which made Zermatt the headquarters of the Alpine Club. Of course, their excursions were limited, both by their promises to their mother and by the rules of the Alpine exploration, which forbid any difficult ascent being attempted except with competent guides. But notwithstanding, they found plenty of places to ramble about, though it was their daily wish to make an ascent of a more difficult kind than those to which they were restricted.

"I mean to go up there when I'm grown up," said Ted, the younger of the brothers, to Rex. He pointed to the solitary peak of the Matterhorn, standing boldly out against the sky, its summit covered with perpetual snow.

"Wish I'd been Whymper," said Rex; "he was the first to ever go up. But mother won't hear of our trying it."

However, in the course of a fortnight a large concession was made in their favor. One of the most celebrated guides had a son of about twelve years of age, called Jean, an active, bright lad, who aspired to succeed his father in his dangerous calling so soon as he was old enough. But, young as he was, he had already made many difficult excursions, and even now was frequently employed to take the less adventurous tourists to some well-known spot. With this young guide the boys struck up an acquaintance. Their talk was of a very polyglot character—for the English boys did not speak French well, while little Jean was decidedly weak in the English language; but notwithstanding these drawbacks they made capital friends.

Mrs. Summers was not unwilling to have Jean a companion of her sons in their rambles. So day after day the three boys made excursions in every direction, and found themselves accomplishing with comparative ease walks and climbs which were not to be despised even by the accomplished tourist. Youth and practice gave them considerable certainty and skill in surmounting difficulties and occasional dangers of Alpine climbing.

"I say, Jean," said Rex one day, "have you ever seen a chamois?"

"Yes, I did once," replied Jean, "but it was a great way off, and ran away before I got near. But my father has shot three."

"I'd sooner see a chamois than anything!" cried Ted.

"They are very rare now," said Jean, "especially so near to towns. You have to go a long way to find them."

"Farther than we could get in a day?"

"Oh, much farther."

"Then we must give that up," said Rex. "Look here, Jean, have you ever been to the top of that glacier?"

He pointed to a mass of ice that in the distance looked like a torrent of glistening water rushing down between two mountains.

"Yes, once; my father took me. But it is a long way."

"Can we do it in a day?"

"We might if we started early."

"Then we'll have a try at it. You shall have a couple of francs if we do it."

This was not a big bribe, but it was considerable to both Rex and Jean. The latter was only too willing to make the attempt, but, fearing his father would never permit it if he knew, he resolved to do it without his knowledge, a fault that very nearly cost him dear.

"We shall want a rope," he said. "There are some deep crevasses, and we must be tied together as we cross."

"All right! Can you bring a rope?"

"I can get one of my father's, perhaps; he is away with a party going up the Matterhorn."

"That's capital! Meet us at seven to-morrow morning; we will be ready."

This was the first time that the boys had deliberately planned an excursion which would lead them far from the well-known routes. Once or twice before their enthusiasm had led them farther than they intended, but they could not help feeling that this was a different sort of thing, and Rex especially did not feel quite comfortable when he bade his mother good-night, telling her they were going for a long walk next day, and would have to start early.

"Take care of yourself, Rex," said Mrs. Summers. "Don't get into any danger; you know how anxious I am about you when you are away amongst the mountains."

"All right, mother; we shall come back safely, never fear!"

Even at seven o'clock the sun was bright and warm in the valley, and it was hard to imagine that on the surrounding mountain-tops its rays were not enough to melt the dazzling snow. The three lads set off in high spirits. Jean had managed to secure a good rope; he carried his own ice-axe and the others their alpenstocks. In an hour they were far above the level of the village, and amongst the tremendous mountains; another hour took them out of sight of houses, and they were lone.

"We don't seem to have come any distance," said Rex. "The glacier seems as far off as ever."

"It takes three hours to get to the foot," said Jean, "and we shall not get to the top till this afternoon. We can't get quite to the top at all, really; we must cross it as soon as we can and come back on the other side."

"Very well; let's go ahead as fast as we can."

In the course of the next half-hour the American boys found themselves in a part of the country quite unknown to them. But Jean seemed to be familiar with the route, and piloted them upwards with complete confidence. They had to cross one or two small torrents and plunge through an occasional group of firs, but the path was not a difficult one on the whole, and Rex felt

easier in his mind at finding they were encountering no dangers.

They reached a corner of a shoulder of the mountain about mid-day, and sat down to rest. Beside them was a precipice leading down to the glacier, parallel with which they now had to proceed. Above them frowned the everlasting hills, crowned with snow which glistened in the bright sun. They sat down to rest for half an hour and eat some of the sandwiches which they had brought with them.

Suddenly Jean put his hand on Rex's arms, whispering:

"Keep still! Don't you see?"

They looked where he pointed; there was a chamois browsing quietly on the scanty herbage, ignorant of the fact that three pairs of eyes were watching his every movement.

The beautiful creature lifted his head and stood motionless in an attitude of attention. The boys crouched down and held their breaths, though they were a quarter of a mile away. Suddenly he put back his ears, turned as if on a pivot, and sprang down the rock. Rex started to his feet in instinctive pursuit, forgot that he was on the edge of the precipice, and, missing his footing, disappeared from sight with a cry.

Ted lost his head, and would have jumped down after his brother, but Jean held him back.

"Keep still!" he cried. "We may save him! Perhaps he has not fallen far. Rex!" he shouted, but there was no reply.

The young mountaineer's eye soon caught sight of a broken part of the ledge down which he might clamber a little way and have a better view. He descended quickly and Ted's heart gave a great leap of joy as he heard Jean call out:

"I see him! he is on a ledge not far down. Untwist the rope."

"I will go down," said Jean decisively. "You stay at the top and don't let the stones at the edge fall down on me."

It was a difficult feat for Jean to accomplish; the descent of a rope is what most boys can manage. But it is a very different thing when the rope is swinging loose over a precipice nearly a thousand feet deep. However, Jean had a cool head, and his nerves were steady so he let himself down quietly, not thinking of the danger he ran. He was soon beside the prostrate boy, and to his great relief found that his heart was still beating.

But now came a difficulty which for a moment dismayed even the plucky little Jean. The rope was long enough for him to attain the ledge easily, but it did not reach to within nearly two feet of the rock on which Rex was lying.

A moment's thought solved the problem. "Ted!" he shouted. Ted's face appeared over the edge. "You must come down to me."

Trembling fearfully Ted managed to obey, and was soon on the narrow ledge beside his brother. Rex gave a sigh as Ted knelt beside him, but did not regain consciousness.

"Hold him up while I tie him," said Jean. Ted supported him carefully while Jean made a loop and slipped it securely under his arms.

"Now I will climb up to the top, and then you must follow," said Jean. "It will take us both to

pull him up. Don't be afraid, the rope is very strong."

So the brothers were left alone while Jean climbed up. But to Ted's surprise he came down again, and despair was written on his face.

"I can't do it," he said. "The top overhangs so much that I can't get over it; there is nothing to catch hold of or to rest my feet against. It is impossible."

Ted gave way at this terrible news, and throwing himself on the ground began to cry convulsively.

"Oh, what will mother say?" he sobbed. "We shall all die here and nobody will ever find us."

A large hawk swooped down near them and then flew away across the valley. Jean watched its flight and wished that he too had wings.

"I have it!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Quick, Ted—take down Rex again!"

They loosened the knot and once more laid Rex on the rock. He opened his eyes and looked feebly around, but again lapsed into unconsciousness. There was a bad cut at the back of his head, but there was no time to think of that now; the first thing was to get them all out of immediate danger.

"Now," said Jean, seizing the rope firmly with both hands and feet, "swing me, Ted. Don't be afraid; I shan't fall."

He leaped into the air toward the coveted boulder, and swung back again to the ledge. The impetus took him right into the air on the opposite side, and he was hanging over the glacier, with nothing between him and it. Ted seized his idea and as he came back gave him a hard push toward the coveted spot; this time he came within a few feet of it. It was a terrible crisis; it seemed as if the daring boy must get dashed to pieces against the side of the rock, but he guided himself skillfully. One more swing and he was safe. He clasped the projecting boulder firmly and loosened himself from the rope, which swung back to within Ted's reach.

"Now, Ted," Jean shouted above, "leave hold of the rope for a minute."

Ted obeyed, wondering what was Jean's idea. It was pulled out of reach for a moment, and then again lowered. This time there was plenty of it. Jean had taken it from the tree and was holding it in his hands. Ted was able to fasten it securely to Rex as he lay on the ground.

"Tell me when it is safely tied," cried Jean.

"It's all right," shouted back Ted.

"Then lift him up and hold him while I fasten the rope to the tree again."

This was soon done. Ted then commenced the ascent of the rope, and thanks to Jean's assistance at the top, he surmounted the difficulty of the overhanging ledge. In five minutes more all three were in safety. Rex's head was bound up, and Jean started in search of some water, leaving Ted by his brother.

Water was soon found and Jean brought his hat full. Thanks to its icy coldness, it had a powerful effect on Rex, who in a few minutes was sufficiently recovered to hear of how he was rescued. Before long he was able to commence the return journey on the arms of his companions.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 8, 1922

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

BLANKETS IN VENEZUELA

In Venezuela, though hot in the daytime, a blanket is needed at night by all those engaged in such occupations as gathering forest products. Cattlemen and other riders wear a "lined blanket," red on one side, blue on the other, with a hole in the middle for the head. These cost from \$12 to \$20 in gold.

THREE PEAKS OUT OF ONE

Remnants of the ice age are particularly interesting in the Rocky Mountain National Park, where huge valleys have been ploughed out through countless ages, possibly 5,000,000 years ago. Glaciers transformed what was a single mountain mass into three peaks—Long's Meeker and Lady Washington—as they are known, with Long's rising to an elevation of 14,255 feet, or nearly three miles above sea level.

WOLF PACK PURSUES AUTOMOBILES

Automobilists at Easton, Pa., returning to their homes from week-end trips through New Jersey and New York report they encountered a pack of wolves between Belvidere and Hackettstown the other night. One motorist exhibited a broken window in the side of his coupe, which he said was caused by one of the animals leaping against it.

So far as could be learned no one was attacked by the animals, but several motorists said they were followed a considerable distance by them.

INDIAN RELICS FOUND

Relics of the days when the Indians roamed the central Kansas prairies are being taken out of the sand pits east of Salina. Bones of large and unnamed animals have heretofore been found in this neighborhood, but these bones that are now being found in the sand pits are unlike anything ever seen here. The most of the specimens have large teeth, well preserved, while others are badly decayed. In addition to the bones many large bullets of lead, flattened by having come in contact with some object, are found.

72, SHE CLIMBS TO WASHINGTON MONUMENT TOP

Spurning the elevator, Mrs. Napoleon B. Jennings, of Grant City, Mich., seventy-two, and her husband, who will soon be seventy-three, climbed 555 feet to the top of the Washington Monument. Mrs. Jennings said:

"No elevators for me; they are not safe. I counted 700 steps, I think, and then stopped counting. It's good exercise and women who want to reduce might do well to try it."

Mr. Jennings, a retired farmer of Michigan, is a cousin of William Jennings Bryan.

LAUGHS

"When she wasn't looking I kissed her." "What did she do?" "Refused to look at me for the rest of the evening."

"I'll teach you to tie dishpans to dog's tails." "But, mother, it isn't our dog." "No, I know it isn't our dog. But it's my dishpan."

"What makes Brown wear those terrible whiskers? He looks like sin." "There's money in them." "How is that?" "He poses as a hayseed in a Moving Picture studio."

"Doesn't your soul go out to this great tumultuous area of ocean?" asked the gushing young bride. "No," admitted the seasick young husband, "but I guess that'll come next!"

Mrs. Bacon—I understand one can learn different languages from the phonograph? Mrs. Ebert—Well, since our neighbor got his, I know my husband has used language I never heard him use before.

"What is this initiative and referendum?" "It's this way. If I want to go anywhere, or do anything, I take the initiative by mentioning it to my wife. Then she decides whether I can or not. That's the referendum."

A Boston school-teacher had been reading to her pupils about the rain. Asking one of them to write a little story about the rain he, after declaring his inability to do so, upon the teacher's insistence, produced the following: "What does the rain say to the mud? 'I am on to you, and your name is mud!'"

The benevolent citizen, while walking along Park place, spied a little tot weeping. So he walked up to it and said: "Now be a good boy and stop your crying." The child replied: "I can't." "But why can't you?" "I can't." "Well, here's a cent; tell me why you can't be a good boy and stop crying." "Cause I'm a girl."

Little Mary's father had denied her a pleasure which she had confidently expected to enjoy. That night, when she said her prayers at her mother's knee she concluded with this petition: "And please don't give my papa any more children. He don't know how to treat those he's got now."

GOOD READING

DEATH CAMAS POISONOUS TO CATTLE

Death Camas, of which there are four principal species in the range country of the West, although causing heaviest losses among sheep, are also poisonous to horses and cattle. Under range conditions cattle are seldom poisoned. Horses are frequently made sick, but deaths are rare. A few cases are known where persons have been fatally poisoned by the weed. Children have eaten the bulbs out of curiosity and adults have gathered the plant, mistaking it for the edible sego. The United States Department of Agriculture has not found a remedy for poisoning by death camas, but the deadly species are now recognized, and the ranches may safeguard their flocks.

GRASSHOPPERS STOP TRAINS

The plague of red grasshoppers which recently destroyed crops in Charente-Inferieure, France, has moved on into the Department of Deux Sevres. The insects are in such numbers that they have blocked train service between Niort and Fontenay-Le Comte, a distance of fifty kilometers. So thickly have they massed in this region that it is necessary to stop trains frequently to clear the tracks. The trains crews have been supplied with implements for this purpose. Deux-Sevres is the one Department in France that has been untouched by the heavy rains, and the crop prospect before the invasion of the grasshoppers were very poor.

BICYCLIST SPEAKS FOR LEGION IN HIS TRIP ACROSS COUNTRY

Traveling 125 miles a day and camping at night by the roadside, Donald F. Chase, 21 years old, recently passed through Middle Western cities on his bicycle trip from Reno, Nev., to Syracuse, N. Y.

Chase's family lived at Syracuse, and as a vacation from his duties as city editor of the *Nevada State Journal* he decided he would ride through and see his mother. The Reno American Legion made arrangements for Chase to speak before 110 legion posts on his way across the continent.

The Gattling gun, which he carried with him saw service when an automobile driver ran into his bicycle near Topeka, Kan., and then refused to stop to see what damage had been done. Chase put a bullet in a tire and then made the driver haul him and his bicycle to town.

LEAP THROUGH WINDOW KILLS DEER IN YONKERS

Two deer—a doe and a fawn—ran wild through a section of Yonkers, N. Y., the other afternoon, doing so much damage that four policemen were sent out with lariats to catch them. The doe was chased to the open country north of the city, but the fawn ran through a house window and bled to death from the cuts.

The deer were first reported on the grounds of

John F. Brennan, counsel in the Stillman and Ward cases, at 205 North Broadway, Yonkers. The Fourth Police Precinct in Yonkers was notified that the animals were causing havoc to gardens and shrubbery, and Captain Daniel Shea sent out four of his men. The animals were next reported on the grounds of George T. Kelley, contractor, at 210 North Broadway. They ran from there to the estate of Edward F. Perot at 219 North Broadway.

The pursuit from the Perot place led through open country to the home of Alderman John H. Davis at 167 Woodworth avenue. There the policemen found the fawn, its head and front teeth through a window. The doe had vanished. At their approach the fawn wrenched itself free and tottered to a fence, where it fell dead. A patrol wagon was sent for the carcass, which was taken to the station house. The game warden was notified.

AIRMAN REACHES EDGE OF ACTIVE VOLCANO

The Martin has received the following dispatch from Malang in the Dutch East Indies:

"Airman Chanteloup, flying from Malang, landed at 8:50 A. M. July 26 on the edge of the crater of the volcano Bromo in eruption at a height of 2,150 meters. He returned to Malang at 10:30."

Chanteloup, well known in France before the war, did distinguished service in the French air force, being numbered among the "aces." A few days ago the *Martin* received a letter from Malang announcing the airman's intention to attempt the feat just accomplished, saying:

"Chanteloup intends to conduct an experiment which, if successful, will have great effects on aviation here, owing to the impression it will cause on the masses. He intends to land on the edge of the crater of Bromo volcano, situated in the Tengger Mountains, seventy miles southeast of Soeraya, in East Java. Eight miles further south is Semeroe, the highest volcano in Java. Apart from the usual difficulties of landing at high altitudes, Chanteloup will be obliged to contend with the heavy smoke cloud which hangs over these mountains continually and the mist at their base."

Java, belonging to the Dutch, has within its island area of less than 48,000 square miles a greater number of active volcanoes than any other territory of the same size.

The volcano belt extends from west to east. In the west there rises a compact mass of volcanoes without intervening plains or deep valleys; in the east the volcanoes form independent clusters. Bromo, or Bodas, is about 8,000 feet in altitude and Semeroe, or Semeru, 12,238, which is the highest.

There are seventeen active volcanoes in all, the altitude of which are constantly being changed by eruptions, which frequently sweep away entire villages and kill thousands of native.

BRIEF BUT POINTED

ENGLISH PRODUCE ARTIFICIAL WOOD

An artificial wood that is so like the real thing that it can be worked with carpenter's tools and finished with a file or sandpaper is now being produced by an English manufacturing company. The material is known as plastic wood, and at first it has the consistency of a thick paste, and can therefore be molded into any shape. It can then be hardened by exposure to the air and becomes a tough, solid, waterproof substance.

CHRISTMAS ISLAND BIGGEST SOURCE OF LIME PHOSPHATE

Christmas Island is an island in the Indian Ocean, 200 miles west of Java. Its importance is due to the enormous deposits of phosphate of lime it yields. It is nine miles long and has an area of forty-three square miles.

The island is politically attached to Singapore. The exports of phosphate of lime in 1919 were 68,621 tons. The tonnage of ships entered and cleared in that year was 81,197.

A HUGE ROCKING-STONE

Every one has heard of rocking stones—masses of rock so delicately poised as to move backward and forward upon the slightest impulse. There are many such stones scattered throughout the world, but the majority of them are mere marbles compared to the famous rocking-stone of Tandil, in South America. This giant among rocking-stones weighs no less than 700 tons, and is situated in a low range of hills some 250 miles south of the city of Buenos Aires. It is composed of granite and contains 130 cubic meters. It is in the shape of a paraboloid, four meters high and five meters in diameter at the base. The stone rocks upon a knob of rock beneath, which fits closely on a socketlike hollow in the great boulder itself. The action of the elements through countless centuries has succeeded in wearing away the softer parts of the stone, leaving behind only the harder-gritted core. The stone is so delicately poised that it can be made to crack a walnut without crushing the kernel!

PUGET SOUND ISLAND CLAIMS WHEAT RECORD

Whidby Island in Puget Sound, Wash., claims again the world's record for acreage yield of red Russian wheat. This grain, grown on an island farm, recently harvested out an average of from sixty-five to eighty bushels per acre.

Many fields just being cut and threshed in Whidby Island are believed to be capable of beating this average. The straw is four to five feet high, topped with heads or sprays five to six inches long, packed full of wheat kernels.

Many years ago grain growers on Whidby set a pace for the rest of the country to follow. It was when in 1893 these farmers established a record of 117 bushels of good wheat to the acre, vouched for by the United States Department of Agriculture.

This same district a few years later captured four prizes for the largest production of wheat per acre.

This summer's crop from Whidby Island will go over the Northwest as seed. Students of many western agricultural colleges are on the fields testing the grain and learning the methods of culture.

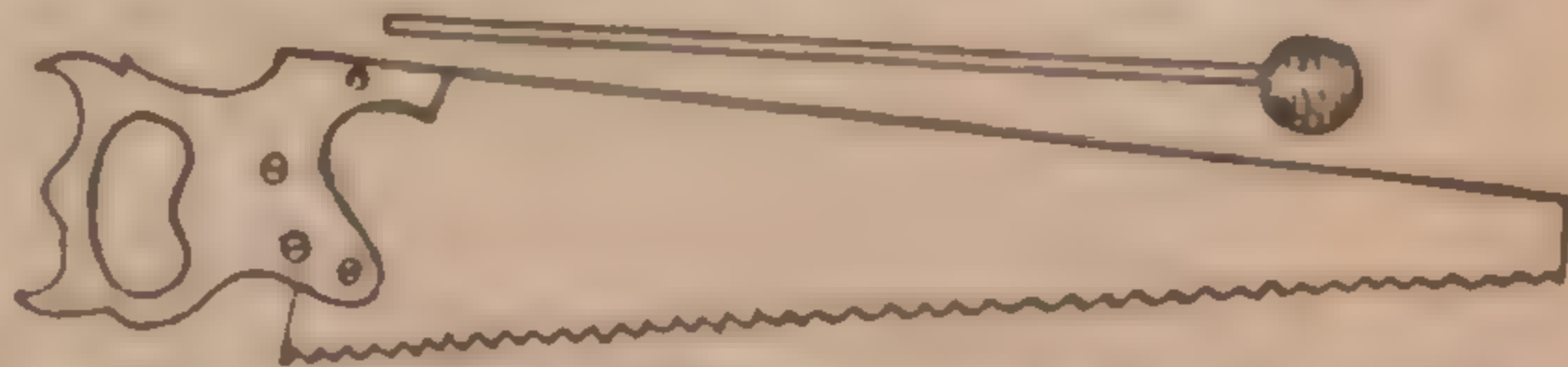
The big yield is attributed to the moist, cool climate of the island and the scientific tilling of the soil.

LETTER COSTS 350,000 RUBLES IN STAMPS

When some one in Soviet Russia decides to send a registered letter out of the country he has to give the Government plenty of notice so that a sufficient number of stamps can be printed. Then he has to buy a bottle of glue to paste the stamps on the letter. Then he has to hire a truck to take the letter to the post-office. Then, unless he is very, very wealthy, he has to sit down and starve until the person who receives the letter can send him about 15 cents in American money to pay for the postage.

It takes 600 25-ruble stamps to register a letter from Russia to the United States. During the reign of the Czar this would have been the equivalent to about \$75,000. Now it is considered a very reasonable figure for postage.

Vera Gordon, the motion picture actress, of 276 Throop avenue, received a letter recently with 600 stamps attached. They were in twelve sheets of fifty stamps each, pasted on the letter. The stamps weighed about four or five times as much as the letter itself. Only the first sheet of fifty stamps was canceled. The others were as new and fresh as they were when they came from the presses and of about the same value. The letter comes from relatives of Mrs. Gordon in Maprolay, Russia. It was mailed July 6.

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PINEAPPLES HAVE QUEER COUSINS

The pineapple belongs to a very interesting family of plants, called the Bromeliads, all of which are purely American, and none of which were known in the Old World until imported from the New. Most of these are natives of Brazil. There are about thirty species of this family on exhibition in the greenhouses of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, and this is the best time of the year to visit them.

The pineapple is the only member of the family that produces a large fruit formed by thickening its flower axis and by inclosing its seeds in fleshy bracts. It is also peculiar in the fact that it grows on the earth, instead of up among the branches of trees or on rocks, as do nearly all its relatives. These are like the orchids in many respects; they draw no sustenance from the earth through their roots, but live on rain.

Some of them have very beautifully colored leaves, others brilliant and showy flowers; and, strange as it may seem, the Florida "moss" which hangs in festoon from trees in the Southern States is one of this family and a first cousin of the luscious pineapple.

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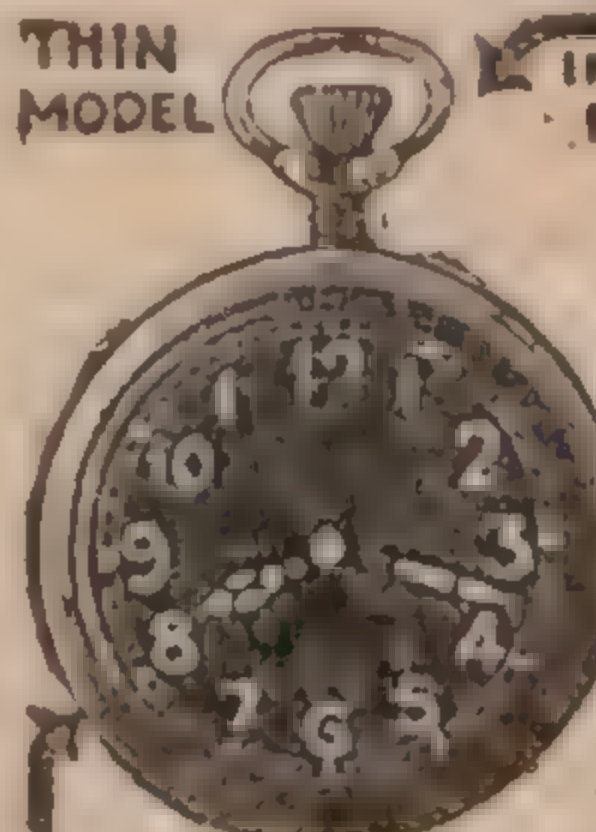
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